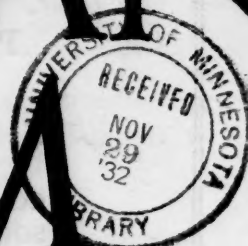


THE CANADIAN FORUM



A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



Economic Planning by Arbitration

Inflation in Canada

Snow for Christmas

Mrs. Bancroft

Marxism



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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XIII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1932

No. 147

THE CONFERENCE AS A WORK OF ART

WE Canadians are a dull people. And the current depression has robbed us of whatever capacity we may once have had for appreciating high comedy. Otherwise surely our papers would have been full by this time of tributes to the brilliance of the political play that was staged for our benefit at Ottawa this summer. Consider the situation. Here were the statesmen of the Empire gathered together for the purpose of stimulating the flow of intra-Imperial trade. Enthusiasm was running high. And at this very moment, when pressure was greatest to open our markets more widely to British products, when the interests of our protected manufacturers seemed in greatest peril, our protectionist government chose the occasion to stage a raid upon the Canadian consumer the audacity of which has never been equalled in our protectionist annals. The innocent newspaper reader was told last August that our manufacturers were fighting in the last ditch. Actually they were conducting a trench raid so skilfully planned and so perfectly executed that the full scope of it is only now becoming clear as we piece together the story from studying the new tariff rates in Schedule E of the Anglo-Canadian agreement.

* * *

BY Schedule E some 223 British commodities were given an increased preference in Canadian markets. This looks magnificent. But examination shows that on goods which Britain wants to sell in large quantities, such as textiles, the increase in the preference is so infinitesimal as to have no effect, and that the textile duties remain two or three times as high as they were three years ago. On 139 of the 223 items the increased margin of British preference is effected by raising duties against foreign products. And when these items are examined one by one, it turns out that most of them are commodities which Britain cannot sell us in any quantity but which foreign competitors were selling with sufficient freedom to inconvenience some Canadian manufacturer. So the old flag is waved lustily and up go the duties against the foreigner, for the benefit not of the British but of the Canadian manufacturer. And this in an Imperial Conference! That our Canadian nationalism should be exploited to enable some contributor to Conservative campaign funds to collect higher prices from the Canadian consumer was what might be expected; but that our Imperial enthusiasm should be so successfully exploited to the same end

proves that somewhere in our government or in the C.M.A. is an unappreciated man of genius.

WHEAT

FOR sheer technical brilliance of performance, however, the genius who arranged the two shilling preference on Canadian wheat in British markets must be awarded the first prize even above the compiler of Schedule E. Everyone was puzzled in August at Mr. Bennett's insistence on this particular duty against the expert opinion of nearly all the grain trade. It seemed obvious that, with the enormous surplus of Empire wheat which must be disposed of in world markets, a small preference in the British market could be of no value to Canadian or Australian growers. But it now appears that the preference is to be given only to wheat that is carried directly from Canada to Britain. Wheat stored at Buffalo or other American ports and reconsigned from there is not to benefit. This, of course, restricts the freedom of the exporter in finding the cheapest route possible between the prairie and Liverpool. It benefits a few Canadian lower lake ports and the Canadian lake transport interests. This latter group (dominated by Canada Steamships) formed a combine last summer which succeeded in quietly doubling the lake rates on wheat between Canadian ports. Now they are to be favoured again by an arrangement which tends to direct wheat into Canadian channels of export if it is to get the two shilling preference. Can it be that our government in August was thinking chiefly of these interests and not of the Western farmer at all? Perish the thought! But the gentleman who got the two shilling duty accepted at Ottawa is an artist of the very first quality.

THE RAILWAY PROBLEM

FIVE years from now the folly of Canadian public opinion in insisting upon two railway systems in this country will be obvious to everyone. At present the friends of public ownership are crying 'Amalgamation never, Competition ever' because they believe that this is the only way to save us from a C.P.R. monopoly. But monopoly is inevitable. If the principles of the Duff Report are carried out in good faith, we shall have at the end of five years two systems which have been so thoroughly integrated with one another that only a traffic expert will be able to distinguish them. Only by such close cooperation and integration can costs be cut down enough to make our

transportation services once more an asset to the country. But when this has been done what will be the purpose of keeping up the fiction of competition and of hymning incantations to the supposed increased efficiency that results from competition? If we are to have one scientifically-planned system of transportation, public opinion must be alert to insure that it is a publicly-owned system. At present the real doubt surrounding the Duff recommendations is whether they will be carried out in good faith and whether any arbitral tribunal will be strong enough to control the appetites of the C.P.R. The procedure of the government in inviting amendments to its railway bill increases one's doubts on this matter. If Mr. Bennett is so certain of his mission to save the country, why does he shirk responsibility for the most important legislative measure that his government has to carry through? To invite amendments to this railway bill, after the whole question has been exhaustively examined by his own Royal Commission, is merely an indirect way of inviting the C.P.R. to lobby private members against any of the Duff recommendations that it does not like.

POLITICAL PRISONERS

MR GUTHRIE is the Minister of Justice in Canada. As such he ought to know something about matters of law. Yet according to a Canadian Press despatch of October 26th he made the following remarks to representatives of the Canadian Labour Defence League who interviewed him in regard to the Kingston Penitentiary riots:

We have no political prisoners in Canada. The eight men in question (the imprisoned Communist leaders) were convicted before the courts of Ontario. . . . The courts found after a lengthy trial that these men were guilty of offences against the criminal code. If the offences had been a matter of politics they would never have been sentenced to jail. They are not political prisoners in any sense.

The inaccuracy of this statement is so apparent that had it come from a less authoritative source it might have been passed over. As it is in the nature of an official pronouncement, however, it may be dealt with. The fact that a man commits a crime under the criminal code does not prevent his offence from being political. Most political offences would also be crimes. The definition of the political offence most commonly accepted amongst the authors on such subjects is that it is a crime committed in furtherance of a political object, or one incidental to or forming part of political disturbances. Sir James Stephen, the great English jurist and the man whose draft code formed the basis of our Canadian Criminal Code, gives this illustration: if a civil war were to take place, it would be treason; every man shot by the insurgents would be murdered; if they burnt houses for military purposes, it would be arson; to take property by requisition would be robbery. Yet according to the common use of language, he adds, all such acts would be political offences, because they would be incidents in carrying on a civil war. If the offenders escaped to a foreign country, they could not be extradited.

* * *

TIM BUCK and his fellow Communists come exactly within this category. They are in the penitentiary solely because they belonged to a

political party which, by the verdict of the jury in the Toronto trial, is such an unlawful association as is prohibited by Section 98 of the criminal code. They were not convicted of any acts of violence, or of any common law crime. If they had escaped to the United States, they could not have been extradited, because the existing extradition treaty which operates between Canada and the United States follows the universal practice and expressly excludes political offences, and it is inconceivable that the American Government would have handed back to the Canadian authorities as criminals persons who had done nothing more than belong to a political party which is still a lawful organization in the United States. The Canadian Government may, if it chooses, give special treatment in its penitentiaries to wealthy stockbrokers only, but it will not fool any intelligent portion of the Canadian public with this nonsense about our having no political prisoners in the country.

THE PENITENTIARY RIOTS

IT is gratifying to note the concern of public opinion as the lamentable story of conditions in Canadian penitentiaries is unfolded in the press. With that exasperating Pharisaism which is so typical of Canadian nationalism, especially in its attitude to all things American, we have been content to assume that the horrors of Auburn and Ohio could never find an echo in such well-disciplined and truly British penal institutions as Portsmouth and Saint Vincent de Paul. We were wrong. Our prisons are as scandalously overcrowded as theirs and our penology seemingly even more ineffectual and backward. For years now any demand for intelligent prison reform along modern lines has been drowned out by the clamour of those who see in such a move nothing but 'flabby sentimentalism' and 'the mollicoddling of criminals'. Perhaps these 'hard-headed realists' will take a back seat for a little and permit the demand for a thorough overhauling of the Canadian penal system to obtain a hearing. The first step is obviously the appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire not only into the immediate causes of the recent outbreaks, but also into the whole question of our treatment of crime and punishment. Royal Commissions are not panaceas, of course, but, as the Aird and Duff reports show, they can do useful spade-work. If Mr. Guthrie and his colleagues are wise, they will adopt some such course. Dragging the usual red herring of Communism all over Parliament Hill will not delude the public.

THE ELECTION OF ROOSEVELT

THE sweeping victory of Governor Roosevelt in the recent election is perhaps the most remarkable turn-over in United States history, and is by all odds the greatest triumph experienced by the Democratic party since the Civil War. It was won by the first candidate with any pretension to liberal principles to emerge from either major party since the days of Wilson. One would like to think that this fact has some significance, but the probabilities are overwhelmingly against it. Nothing is more certain than that a large portion of those who cast

their ballots for Roosevelt were in reality thinking of Hoover. They had less desire to get Roosevelt into the White House than to get Hoover out. Mild as his liberalism is, there is probably little common ground between the principles which Roosevelt has professed and the sentiments of the people who elected him. There is wisdom in the remark of Norman Thomas: 'Governor Roosevelt may find the mass protest vote more of a boon in getting him elected than in helping him to face the years that lie ahead.' Nevertheless, the Governor has been presented with a unique opportunity. His party has a clear majority in both houses of Congress. With forceful leadership he should be able to exercise a decisive influence on the party's legislative programme. Pressing domestic problems call for courage, decision, and promptitude in an effort to solve them; and if the Governor's expressed principles do not provide a final solution, they do call for action in contrast to the hysterical aloofness of Hoover. Tariffs, unemployment, the financial situation, the war debt problem, present a challenge and an opportunity. But they will not be solved merely by being nice to important politicians. A good many people will have to be seriously offended if anything valuable is to be accomplished. We only hope that Governor Roosevelt has the courage to give offence where it is most needed.

THE COLLAPSE OF HOOVER

IF the President-Elect were in need of an object lesson on what to avoid, he could find it in the career of his predecessor. The nemesis of Hoover is a salutary spectacle upon which the moralist might dwell lovingly. His friends have sought to present him as the victim of circumstances — the good man struggling in vain against the blind decrees of Fate. In reality it is an even more tragic spectacle—the sincere and upright man defeated in his best efforts, not by outside forces, but by the very qualities which make up his essential personality. No man ever desired more sincerely the welfare of his country. No man ever laboured more strenuously to achieve this according to his lights. And perhaps no man in such a position ever embarked on a course of policy more misguided or more vain. His efforts thwarted his intentions in a way that savoured of some fantastic deliberation. Heralded as the cool technician who would solve all problems by the application of rational and scientific methods, he proved himself an emotionalist whom no advice could sway once his prejudices were engaged. Rising to power on a reputation for humanitarian service, he proved himself one of the bitterest opponents of humanitarian considerations as soon as these touched the interests of property and wealth. And hailed as the man whose lack of commitments would free him from political influences, he proved ready to play the political game at the sacrifice of intellectual honesty. His acceptance of the tariff, his attitude on the Wickersham reports, his stubborn falsehoods on such matters as unemployment and the Bonus army, could hardly have been more shameful in the most abandoned and self-seeking politician. It is not often that the sins of our public men find them out so swiftly and completely. But it is encouraging to know that it does sometimes happen.

CANADA AND THE U.S. ELECTION

THE attitude of Canada, like the attitude of the American voters, toward the election and its results, must be one of dubious scepticism rather than of hopeful anticipation. We have little to expect from Roosevelt; we only know that we could expect nothing at all from Hoover. Our chief interest, of course, is in the tariff. It was certain that there would be no amelioration under the Hoover regime; if there is any chance of a change, it will be under Roosevelt. It must be admitted that the chance is exceedingly small. To rather vague professions in favour of lower tariffs the Governor added a firm support of existing protection for agriculture—the field in which Canada is most interested. Even given the best will in the world, he would have a harder time keeping his party in control on the tariff than on almost any other issue. The delights of log-rolling—not to mention its political profits—are too great to be resisted by the average Congressman if he feels that he has any choice at all in the matter. The most that can be said on the matter is that Roosevelt's mind may be a little more open to conviction than that of Hoover. As to the question of the fate of Prohibition and its effect on Canada, there is again little to be expected. Our export trade is hardly likely to benefit if the relaxation of Prohibition is accompanied by renewed operation of breweries and distilleries across the line; and though pessimism about the effect on our tourist trade might be exaggerated, there may be less incentive for certain conventions to meet in Canadian cities. All that one can say is that there is a certain possibility of an attitude of goodwill such as this country did not experience while the Republicans were in power. But whether that spirit will find any tangible expression is decidedly another matter.

THE REICHSTAG ELECTIONS

THE attempt to break the deadlock in the German Reichstag by a new deal has not proved particularly successful. The early electoral returns in round figures for the various parties would show that the heavy losers are the National-Socialists who have dropped something under two million votes. The flight from Social Democracy, already discernible in previous encounters, is developing into a rout, this time to the tune of many hundreds of thousands of ballots. The two Catholic centre parties which support Herr Bruening also come back noticeably weakened. The only real victor is the Communist Party which gained a little less than a million votes. Two smaller parties of the right, the Hugenberg Nationalists and the Populists, the former party of Stresemann, have seemingly managed to drive back into the fold a number of repentant sheep who voted for Hitler last July. Apart from the substantial gains of the Communists the only significant factor is obviously the beginning of the deflation of the Nazis. Two alternatives lay open to Hitler and his lieutenants immediately after the last elections. He could have staked his thirteen million votes on an appeal to force, or he could have appealed to constitutional practice by forming a majority coalition government with the Catholic

parties. He did neither then, and today he is no longer in a position to attempt either. In the meantime, and until the tension becomes too great to bear, the Junkers continue to rule. A more favourable interpretation than this of German conservatism is presented by Mr. Victor Lange in another part of this issue.

PHEASANT SHOOTING

IN recent years the annual pheasant shoot in southwestern Ontario has provided amazing material for derisive comment from the cynical, and disgust among decent-minded citizens. The bald facts are: The greed of sportsmen had so nearly exterminated native wild game in the district that shooting was simply not worth while. Therefore a beautiful but exotic bird, semi-domesticated in its habits, was imported, carefully reared and protected at some expense to the public, and then released periodically to that small minority who simply must have something easy to kill. Such cold-blooded expedients are merely offensive when carried out by an association of landowners who themselves bear the expense and the damage to crops, but for a provincial government to undertake the scheme in a densely-settled district and then throw it open to the sporting fraternity in general was simply to ask for trouble—besides being a scandalous expenditure of public funds on the pleasure of a few. The result has been that city sports (some of them no better than hoodlums) have responded with gusto. The farms of the district, which had to bear the damage to crops done by the birds, were overrun and further damaged. Finally, the farmers became so incensed by the aggressive arrogance and wilful carelessness of these alien gunners that a good part of the area was closed to them this year. Another open season will scarcely be practicable unless it is possible to permit only landowners or tenants to shoot on their own property. If this is not feasible—and there would be serious difficulties—the pheasants will become a pest and elaborate means will have to be taken to exterminate them. And so will terminate one more experiment in introducing a foreign species. In the meantime we have been treated to the spectacle of a perversion of the hunting instinct actively encouraged by a government department.

A VOICE FROM THE SQUIREARCHY

NO one who is interested in Canadian letters should miss the October number of Mr. J. C. Squire's olympian journal, *The London Mercury*. It contains an article on *Our Canadian Poets* by one Arthur Stanley, which for unintentional humour, misinformation, and heavy condescension is a sheer delight. Canadian poetry, it appears, should properly be divided into four categories: English Canadian, French Canadian, Indian, and Eskimo. French-Canadian poetry is written in French, for 'the French-Canadian has his own literature written in the French language'. Among the treasures of this division are the ballads of Dr. Drummond which 'are often recited by the campfires of the voyageur' (not to be confused with the habitant who is the other kind of French-Canadian). The most thoroughly representative poet of Canada today is apparently Wilson MacDonald

'(b. 1860)'. Only once does Mr. Stanley make a real contribution to the criticism of Canadian poetry, and that is when he discusses the 'galloping verses' of Robert W. Service which, he assures us, 'have an Australian flavour'. One has often wondered what was really wrong with them! It will be a pleasure to mail to the Strand copies of articles which have appeared in the columns of this journal during the past twelvemonth on Dorothy Livesay, Abraham Klein, Raymond Knister, Audrey Brown, Robert Choquette, and other writers of that new Canadian poetry which, as Mr. Stanley so whimsically says, 'has now reached a stage which makes it well worthy of our attention'.

FEATHER No. 2 FOR MR. BENNETT

WILL such wonders never cease! For the second time in as many months THE CANADIAN FORUM has felt impelled to congratulate the Prime Minister on his choice of distinguished citizens to fill high offices in the public service. Last month it was the appointment of Mr. Hector Charlesworth to head the newly-created National Radio Commission; this month we applaud Mr. Bennett's nomination of a new Deputy Minister of Finance in the person of Mr. W. C. Clark, Professor of Commerce and Director of Courses in Commerce and Administration at Queen's University. In both cases the new incumbents are men of distinction and integrity and, what is more, they are strictly non-political appointments. This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the present government's earlier selections to key positions were by no means unquestionable. Mr. Clark is not only free of all Tory leading-strings (his friends would call him a Liberal), but he is particularly qualified by a happy blend of academic and professional experience both in this country and in the United States. No department in the government service was more sadly in need of a blood transfusion than the Ministry of Finance and we are inclined to think that Mr. Clark will be able to supply red corpuscles in plenty. He may even be able to explain the Gold Standard and 'sound money' to his new chief.

EDUCATION RECOGNIZED

EDUCATION is looking up. An educator has been appointed as a Canadian delegate to the Thirteenth Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. We only hope that the heavens won't fall. Yet the honour shown to Dr. Munro, Superintendent of Education of Nova Scotia, and through him to Education in general, is well deserved. Dr. Munro has won his spurs in the fields of international law and political science within the university, and since 1926 has filled most acceptably one of the most important offices in education in Canada. Yet a doubt assails us. Was the appointment really made because he was an educator or because of his eminence in law or political science? We care not. He is an educator now, whatever his past may have been. Education is looking up.

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ECONOMIC PLANNING BY ARBITRATION

*The Implications of the Duff Report**

By H. A. INNIS

ROYAL Commissions flourish during periods of depression and in Canada must be regarded as a normal part of our adjustment mechanism. The centralization characteristic of Canadian institutions, our dependence on staple products which are subject to wide fluctuations in price and production, and the development of the Dominion Government as a credit instrument, necessitate an appeal to governmental activities in order to force adjustments which come more rapidly in older industrialized countries.

The Duff Report indicates certain rigidities which have made the railroad problem more acute: for example, 'contractual arrangements with labour organizations and inflexible labour practices' and 'inelasticity of freight rates and railway practice'. But of greater importance are the effects of a boom marked by 'the over-development of railways', 'aggressive and uncontrolled competition between two nation-wide railway enterprises', 'political and community pressure in the management' of the Canadian National Railways, 'large capital expenditures' followed by 'the reactions of a world trade depression'. The effectiveness of the work of the Royal Commission and of its proposed remedies depends in part on the accuracy with which the causes of the present difficulties as shown in the boom period were analyzed. The casual reader of the report is struck with the relative neglect of general considerations in the discussion of 'contributory causes of the railway problem' and with the failure to emphasize the wider outstanding characteristics of the prosperity phase of the business cycle.

The conditions under which the recommendations may be expected to operate include two alternatives—a continuation of the depression and a period of recovery. The machinery—three trustees, including a responsible chairman; a president in control of the Canadian National Railways; and an arbitral tribunal with the Chairman of the Board of Railway Commissioners as chairman—is expected to bring 'the burdens of the national system within reasonable dimensions and effectively check extravagant and costly operation' and to provide 'reasonable protection for the privately owned undertaking against arbitrary action by the publicly owned undertaking which might unfairly prejudice the interests of the privately owned undertaking'.

Not only must these purposes be attained, but also the burden of the debt must be adjusted evenly as between the outlying areas and the centre through manipulations of the deficit. The adjustment of the burden depends in part on the position of the railroads in the Canadian economic structure. The Canadian Pacific has built up an established traffic over a long period of time and will probably not improve its position materially, traffic from new lines being partly offset by declining traffic on old lines. The Canadian National has largely completed

its capital equipment in the past decade and is in relatively newer territory with consequent possibilities of traffic expansion. It is suggested by the report that the Canadian Pacific should be strengthened and that Canadian National expenditures should be reduced. 'It is not possible to absolve the privately-owned company from a share in the general competitive folly'; but the shareholders and the directorate have never asked for absolution. The competitive position of the Canadian Pacific is strongly entrenched, physically, legally, and politically. A tribunal can only succeed by improving the position of the Canadian Pacific, and it is doubtful whether any tribunal can pretend to dictate to that railway on grounds of business capacity.

On the other hand a tribunal is in a much stronger position in relation to the Canadian National. But it would be politically inexpedient and probably economically unsound to introduce rigid economies in new territory with prospects of traffic development or to interfere with a system unified at great cost during the past decade. Assuming a continuation of the depression, compulsory measures with relation to the Canadian National might have serious effects on Canadian National territory and traffic; and assuming recovery, rigid control of the Canadian National would weaken its position in relation to the Canadian Pacific railway. The success of the machinery must be measured by the continuity of balance maintained between the two railways throughout the swings of business conditions. If control of the Canadian National can be achieved, and if it is essential that this control involves a balance of development with the Canadian Pacific Railway, the basic problem of Canadian railroads is control of the private road along lines recommended by the report. But such control will be difficult to put into effect. Failure to maintain a proper balance between the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. would expose the latter road, particularly as to management, and the population dependent on it, to unfair treatment. The C.N.R. in concertina fashion would be pressed between the C.P.R. and the demands of the government for economy.

The difficulties of the task need only to be mentioned to be appreciated. In maintaining a proper balance between the two roads, with changing business conditions, it is important to note that Canadian railway development is essentially rail and water development. The Commission obviously neglects the background of railway development in stating that 'the competition of water-borne traffic has not been an important factor in bringing about the present difficulties of the railways'. The Canadian National Railways includes lines which have never been expected to earn revenues because of water competition. Relatively they are in the same impossible position as the waterways from the standpoint of meeting interest charges on capital. A constantly recurring deficit is inevitable. This deficit is directly related to returns from customs revenue, as Sir Alexander Galt pointed out at the beginning of the railway era, and no satisfactory adjustment of the balance can otherwise be maintained.

*Report of the Royal Commission to Inquire into Railways and Transportation in Canada, 1931-32 (The King's Printer, Ottawa, 1932; pp. 115; 75 cents).

The report has suggested nothing less than the control of business conditions in Canada, and it is doubtful whether they can be controlled by arbitration. On the other hand, machinery can be elaborated, especially as it is linked to the Board of Railway Commissioners; and careful, detailed, and unbiased studies can be made of the proposals under discussion and of their probable effects under a variety of conditions. It is possible that substantial and effective control may thus be developed. The Commission has interpreted too narrowly its terms of reference authorizing inquiry 'into the whole problem of transportation in Canada, particularly in relation to railways, shipping and communication facilities therein, having regard to present conditions and the probable future development of the country'. Its task involved a solution of the problem of government ownership in new countries dependent on the production of staples with wide fluctuations in price and production during a period of depression in which heavy fixed charges bear with serious weight on the community and with greater weight on the weaker sections. Adequate control assumes a tariff board and a central bank and close cooperation between the trinity. But the report, at any rate, suggests that the encroachment of government ownership on private enterprise is well under way and that economic planning has begun.

This is a socialist document of the first importance. On the whole, Sir Henry Thornton wins, but it was an inevitable victory. The report and its recommendations are in direct line with transportation development in Canada. Government ownership developed as a result of deficits and it continues on a basis of deficits. Expansion of credit during a period of prosperity, inability to wipe out debts during a period of depression because of the danger of injuring the credit of the government, and the accumulation of deficits acquired during depression, with the expansion of credit during a period of prosperity, have finally brought an impasse. Heretofore the escape has been by way of the tariff and capitalization of our virgin natural resources. These cushions begin to show signs of lack of resiliency. The enormous overhead charges of government ownership bear directly toward the weakening of the position of private enterprise. Economic planning may offer a way of escape, but it demands a high level of intelligence and co-ordination all along the line. Its great danger is that it may result in a failure to replace the initiative it tends to destroy and in the enslavement of a people to a state.

INFLATION IN CANADA

MR BENNETT'S formula for our ills is apparently that of his imperial prototypes, *Panem et circenses*; and if he is a little short on the bread, he is doing nicely with the circuses. In 1930—and since—it was Mr. Ferguson; last year it was the gold standard; this year it is 'reflation'.

The latest performance is perhaps the most diverting of all. From the beginning of the session till the end of October, Mr. Bennett, faithfully echoed by his press, had kept thundering forth his devotion to 'sound money' and delivering his usual pompous, hectoring, economically semi-literate lectures to the

opposition, this time for daring to suggest inflation. Then suddenly, on November 1, behold a change! Mr. Stevens, himself not altogether free of the taint of inflationism, was put up to make the soft answer that the government was turning the subject over in what it is pleased to call its mind, and pleaded for time and patience. Four days after came the news that the government had borrowed from the banks thirty-five million dollars on two-year 4% notes, instructing the banks to deposit these notes with the Finance Department as security for a loan of thirty-five million dollars from the government to the banks at 3%.

Financial circles of course saw in this an attempt to raise prices, a mild dose of inflation, or, in the popular euphemism, 'reflation'. The Finance Department, however, denied this, declaring it was 'merely a routine transaction'; and on November 7, the Minister of Finance himself repeated that 'the department is doing nothing either to raise or lower the value of the dollar'.

The very next day the Prime Minister told the House, in effect, that the rumours were true, that the deal would 'swell the banks' cash reserves and substantially increase their loaning capacity', and that 'the best and most conservative opinion throughout the world is committed to the idea that an easing of money and credit is highly desirable in the interests of business recovery'. As in England a year ago, the heresy of one month has become the orthodoxy of the next.

If these are the first fruits of the appointment of Professor Clark as deputy minister of finance, we congratulate him on having brought a ray of light into the thick darkness of the government's economic opinions. Perhaps he may in time be able to persuade the Prime Minister to explain what he means by 'sound money', to which he still professes adherence. It cannot be money based on gold, since even the government now admits that we are off the gold standard. It certainly is not money of stable purchasing power.

It remains to be seen whether Canadian banks will be any more successful than American in getting the new money into circulation. Meanwhile we should be grateful if someone would tell us why the same or better 'reflationary' results could not have been achieved by a direct issue of Dominion notes, why it was necessary to pay the banks 1% for doing the job. Of course, it would have needed new legislation, but that is no insuperable obstacle.

We should also like to know how much oftener the public is to be treated to this farce of repeated official denials of what everyone knows to be true and what even the government finally admits to be true. How much longer shall we continue to trust public men whose solemn assurances have within twenty-four hours been proven perfectly worthless?

EUGENE FORSEY



THE NEW GERMAN CONSERVATISM

By VICTOR LANGE

RECENT German elections have, for the informed observer, brought no surprise. They have, indeed, only shown more clearly the dominating political tendencies. The gain by the Communists of some ten seats is of no importance—whether the proletariat gathers under the Swastika or under the Red Flag is, politically speaking, irrelevant. Communism has, in Germany, in spite of the large number of its supporters, ceased to retain its ideological force. But while Hitler's loss of more than thirty-five seats may not mean more than that a certain bourgeois section of his party has gone to the Nationalists, it is obvious and remarkable that the conservative body of voters has, for the first time since 1923, found its way back to the parties of Hugenberg and the late Stresemann.

It has not unjustly been said that the present German government or, in the language of Hitler, 'the fine people in the clubs', have ridden into power on the backs of the Nazis. But such a view is not the whole truth. The political function which the tremendous National-Socialist movement has exercised since it grew into active power in September, 1930, is only one, and perhaps merely the most visible sign of a general cultural transformation in Germany. However deplorable and unfortunate individual political acts of the von Papen cabinet may be, it is insufficient, or, at least misleading, to call its tendencies reactionary. In fact, the bugbear of 'reaction' in its Anglo-Saxon form has little or nothing to do with the growth of conservatism in Germany.

In its final political implications the new conservative attitude, which can today be found among vast numbers of intelligent Germans, is an attempt to overcome the western liberal tendencies of the French Revolution. While for more than fifteen years such a new conservatism has grown in small groups and party sections, it was not until the Presidential Elections early in 1932 that this attitude found actual political expression. It seems quite certain that the anti-liberal movement in Germany deserves far more attention than has hitherto been given to it.

German liberalism, as distinct from the concrete individualism of the English and the rational *égalité* of the French, has always been spiritual rather than political. It could never find its distinctive and legitimate national or social character and remained doctrinaire and utopian. Its convinced strength never developed into political actuality. The anti-liberal forces of the past fifteen years could, therefore, make use of a disintegration of liberalism itself. The dissolution of the bourgeoisie before and after the war meant, in spite of temporary conviction to the contrary, a complete disappearance of the belief in the state. In the course of this process it became, then, the task and the duty of the liberal not to defend liberty and 'the liberties' against the remainders of certain old feudal forces, but to fight against the lack of a common bondage which alone can give meaning to 'liberty'. The liberal thus developed with logical necessity into a conservative. He is now infinitely more concerned with law and

mutual ties as expressions of national feeling than with liberty itself. His object is the condition rather than the actual realization of liberty. It is not unjust to say that liberalism at present, whether in concrete political forms or in more cultural social tendencies has, in Germany at least, disappeared almost completely.

It is Hitler's historical significance, however small his actual political weight may be, that he aroused the consciousness of a new conservative situation, not only among the bourgeoisie, but particularly among groups of young people who had seen during the past fifteen years the futile attempts of helpless liberal coalitions to establish political and cultural stability. Hitler, indeed, awakened millions of uncertain voters to the fact that their ballot, given to a 'national' party, would not be lost altogether. Hitler's political importance is dangerously overrated in foreign countries; but his victory in 1930 started (as a cultural rather than a political awakening) that process of the liquidation of the Weimar Liberalism and its defeatist attitude which, in the terminology of the German Nationalists, meant nothing less than the beginning of a 'Conservative German Revolution'.

The situation has changed since 1930. The growth of the National-Socialist Party into a rigid organization, its repeated assurance of its adherence to the Weimar Constitution, and the entry of bourgeois elements into its ranks have sullied its conservative purity. Those who, even a year ago, believed in the possible realization of a new conservative state, are now convinced that any participation of Hitler will diminish the clarity of its ideological and cultural consistency.

Von Papen, who is, perhaps, a less 'acknowledged' or convincing worker for the conservative idea than his ministerial colleague von Gayl or than those groups around certain periodicals such as *Die Tat* or the *Deutsche Rundschau*, published shortly after his appointment as chancellor an apologia for conservatism. He based his contentions and fundamental principles, which it is interesting and necessary to consider, on the writings of Moeller von den Bruck, Ferdinand Fried, Edgar J. Jung, Juenger, and other 'nationalistic' theorists.

The ideological creed of the new conservative attitude is the recognition of the necessary re-establishment of—metaphysically speaking—law and mutual ties, which alone can lead towards freedom. It attempts to create, in short, a new principle of order for the political as well as for the social being. The masses and their function in a liberal system are to be replaced by the conception of *Volkeheit* (a cultural organism rather than a political organization); and while this new attitude is openly and naturally averse to any form of liberalism, it is equally remote from the reactionary militaristic and capitalistic conservatism of the nineteenth and twentieth century. It goes back to the *volksdeutsche* ideology of Fichte, Stein, and Arndt which believes in social formations grown out of mutual national sympathy rather than out of calculating bureaucracy. It revives Fichte's idea of the bonds of

language rather than accepting that of the blood relationship which, in Hitler's programme, leads to anti-semitism. It admits the idea of a fundamental inequality due to innate differences in character and ability, but it opposes the class distinction of capitalism. The conservative economic programme is closely related to the cultural attempts of the movement. While it may, at times, favour a strict tariff policy, it does not identify itself with Hitler's demands for *Autarkie*.

The new conservative attitude in Germany will determine the political development of the next months. There is no doubt that the present cabinet of von Papen will soon be replaced or at least transformed considerably in order to obtain a certain amount of parliamentary support. But even if it should not be able to secure a majority, it will, within a very short time, present a draft of a constitutional reform which will clearly show the new political tendencies. No one in Germany, and least of all Hindenburg or von Papen, thinks of establish-

ing a 'dictatorship'. It is the deplorable practice of American journalism to couple such a danger with the gruesome fear of a returning Kaiser. The question of whether a monarchy or a constitutionally well-built republic is the appropriate form of government in Germany, is not only irrelevant, but, above all, untimely.

There is, under the present situation in Germany neither inclination nor a national will to yield to the claims of a parliamentary democracy of the old liberal style; but a popular representation of some kind will have to be reestablished sooner or later. Even Bismarck realized that he could not govern without the support of representative bodies. But as soon as the responsible government finds a possibility of returning to the Reichstag its proper function, the National-Socialists, a large section of the Centre Party, the Nationalists, and the People's Party will, no doubt, make combined efforts to give political realization to the growing cultural forces in Germany.

THE CASE OF JUDGE STUBBS

THE appointment of a special commission to enquire into the conduct of Mr. Justice Stubbs, senior county court judge of the Eastern Judicial District of Manitoba, has aroused widespread public interest. Of the importance of having an independent judiciary it should hardly be necessary to speak. Without this protection for the public, justice becomes a mockery and law a tool of the powerful interests in the state. It was a belief of the Stuart kings that judges were 'lions under the throne', and as such were in duty bound to support the claims of the monarchy in its fight to preserve its prerogative powers. But the 17th century, which saw the achievement of the basic principles of parliamentary government, saw also a victory for the idea that judges should hold office 'during good behaviour', and should be removable only by a process of impeachment before Parliament. Thus was established that independence of the English Bench without which the individual liberty which the Englishman enjoys would have been impossible.

In Canada we have inherited the tradition of judicial independence. The British North America Act declares that judges of the superior courts are to hold office during good behaviour, subject to removal by Parliament. County court judges—such as Judge Stubbs—are not mentioned here; their tenure of office is prescribed by the Dominion Judges Act. But this Act repeats the principle by providing that 'every judge of a county court in any of the Provinces of Canada shall, subject to the provisions of this Act, hold office during good behaviour and his residence in the county'. The provisions regarding removal are that a judge of a county court may be removed from office by the Governor-in-Council for misbehaviour, or for incapacity or inability to perform his duties properly, on account of old age, ill-health, or any other cause, if the circumstances are first enquired into, and the judge is given reasonable notice of the enquiry, and is afforded an opportunity of being heard by himself or by counsel. Our county court judges are thus

entitled to feel that they may administer justice without fear or favour, and with as complete freedom from interference from the executive as superior court judges themselves, so long as they do not exceed the bounds of 'good behaviour'.

What is the misbehaviour or incapacity which would justify removal? Incapacity is stated in the Act to be something in the nature of ill-health or old age. The misbehaviour of a judge, according to such authorities as Anson and Lord Halsbury, except in cases of conviction for infamous offences, must be in matters concerning the office itself, and means the improper exercise of the functions appertaining to the office, or non-attendance, or neglect of or refusal to perform the duties of the office.

Because there has been so much discussion of the issues raised by this Manitoba investigation THE CANADIAN FORUM publishes herewith the judgment of Judge Stubbs in the case of *The King vs. John Chorney et al.* This judgment was given after the investigation had been ordered by the government and is therefore not one of the cases upon which the decision to investigate his conduct was based.

THE KING VS. JOHN CHORNEY ET AL.

Reasons for Verdict

'SOCIETY is very tolerant; it forgives everything but truth.' This was one of the epigrams of the late Elbert Hubbard. By society is really meant the few who rule and control the many. For the function in society of the latter is mainly to serve and obey the former. Under these conditions, truth becomes only a relative term. That is true which pleases, that untrue which displeases, the ruling classes at any given place and time.

Consequently, the pulpit dare not preach the full truth, for fear of displeasing the pew; for he who pays the piper calls the tune. The bench must not speak it, for fear of offending the law officers of the crown that may happen to be, or the legal hierarchy, or both. And so on. 'Truth forever on the scaffold. Wrong forever on the throne.' And few there be,

even of those who worship at the shrine of truth, who dare denounce the wrongs of the world for fear of consequences to themselves.

Particularly at such times as these, fear is the controlling and dominating passion. We are a fear-stricken people. Our rulers appear hopeless and helpless to cope with the situation. They are distracted and panicky with fear. This fear manifests itself in force and restrictions on all sides. Wherefore are we fearful? We are afraid to face the actualities and realities of the situation. Afraid of the full truth with its necessary implications and inexorable consequences.

This condition of affairs recalls an appropriate and memorable passage from Sir John Macdonell's *Historical Trials*. A wonderful book that ought to be widely read, from the pen of a great scholar, a learned lawyer, a splendid, impartial judicial officer. His concluding passage in his account of the trial of Giordano Bruno is as follows:—

But—and it is one of the chief lessons to be derived from these studies—fear brings back the primitive conception of the functions of courts; not necessarily, or indeed often, personal fear, but fear of changes; fear on the part of the upholders of the old order; fear of the effects of the discoveries of new truths; fear of emerging into the full light. Where such fear is, justice cannot be, a court becomes an instrument of power; judges are soldiers putting down rebellion; a so-called trial is a punitive expedition or a ceremonial execution—its victim a Bruno, a Galileo, or a Dreyfus.

Personally, in following the inner light as I have seen and see it, I have tried to always face facts without fear. I have not fashioned my conduct, to quote Elbert Hubbard again, on his aphoristic prescription: "To escape criticism: Do nothing, say nothing, be nothing." Consequently, I have not escaped criticism. A critic must be prepared for criticism, and I never expected and never wanted to escape it. But one has a right to expect some proportion and sense of values in such things. One has also the right to expect due recognition from the constituted authorities of the constitutional rights and status of a judge. Attempts have been made and have succeeded to punish me for certain criticisms which I have made of our legal and judicial system. Other such attempts are now being made. Let me say most emphatically, that if our legal and judicial system is a frail, fragile, delicately constituted, artificial structure, that if the few puffs of the fresh air of criticism which I have blown against it have so seriously affected it that it is impaired and deterred in its functioning, then it is high time a hurricane came along and blew the whole thing away. Then we might get a structure of better, stronger, tougher, more vigorous constitution—one less anachronistic and more adapted to the needs of the age in which we live. In the words of Patrick Henry: 'If this be treason; then make the most of it'; if it be judicial heresy, then I am impenitent, and say: 'We want more heretics.'

Passing from these general observations—which are not altogether irrelevant and have some bearing upon the particular class of case now before the court—the accused are charged with rioting, unlawful assembly, and with possessing and carrying offensive weapons for dangerous purposes. In refusing the motion for dismissal on the conclusion of the Crown's evidence, I said I did not take a serious

view of the case, that for an unlawful assembly and riot it was a tame affair, that the accused might be technically guilty, but refrained from making any pronouncement thereupon at that stage of the case.

Having now heard the evidence for both the prosecution and defence, I am not prepared to even find the accused technically guilty. These five men have impressed me favourably. Only two of them are of mature age. Three are quite young men. One is still in his teens. They all appear to me to be earnest, honest, straightforward men. They are all working men, strongly imbued with the philosophy of the community of interest of their class. The same philosophy which pervades all other classes of society. The same philosophy which expresses itself in such perverted and dangerous form in the fierce nationalisms of our time, which prevent world cooperation, and which will inevitably precipitate world conflict.

There is no need to review the evidence at any length. A strike was in progress at the Welwood factory in Elmwood in this city, in connection with which the charge arose. The strike had been in progress for some weeks, resulting in a very strained and potentially dangerous situation. The accused are not strikers. They are all strike-sympathizers. They declare they were all in the vicinity of the premises for the purposes of peaceful picketing which they maintain they had a right to do.

The police were on the ground early in the morning before the factory opened, with instructions and for the purpose of keeping the strikers and their sympathizers, in fact, everybody not going into the factory, a hundred yards or more away from the factory, and to prevent any attempt to interfere with or molest those going into the factory. These instructions were carried out. A crowd of seventy-five or one hundred people, consisting of men, women, and children, gathered in the vicinity, but there was no attempt to interfere with the police in the performance of their duties. Some attempt at molestation of the six or seven men going into the factory was made, but it was of slight consequence. A few stones were thrown, but no one was hurt. There is no evidence that any of the accused threw stones, and they all deny doing so. The circumstances disclosed by the evidence do not in my opinion constitute an unlawful assembly or a riot, without a strained construction of those terms, which the evidence does not justify. The police allege that the accused and others were armed with clubs for dangerous purposes. Two of the accused admit they carried clubs. The other three deny they had any. The two with clubs claim they carried them purely for purposes of self-protection, alleging that in a clash with police on a previous occasion they had been unjustifiably attacked and beaten by the police. Whether they carried them for offensive or defensive purposes, they did not use them for offensive purposes. There is conflict of evidence between the police and the accused over the question of clubs. I accept the version of the accused.

Several of the accused make serious allegations of physical ill-treatment at the hands of several of the police during and after arrest. The evidence satisfies me that the police used more physical force and violence than was necessary or proper in the

circumstances, and that some of it was used for purely punitive purposes. In fact, on balance as between the police and the accused, the latter were more sinned against than sinning.

Anything in the nature of undue force or excessive violence in the performance of police duties, particularly anything of a punitive nature, cannot be too carefully avoided. Wherever and whenever present, it cannot be too strongly censured and condemned. Any such tendencies cannot be too promptly stopped or too thoroughly eradicated from a police force.

In this connection a recent dispatch from the *Tribune's* London Bureau is very significant and important. So much so as to be worth quoting. After referring to the difficulties which are being experienced with motor bandits on the country roads in England, modern 'Dick Turpins' as they are called, the despatch continues:—

For a time apprehension was so great that motorists discussed whether they should not ask permission to carry revolvers. Police, however, objected. 'Guns beget guns!' they said. 'If motorists are allowed to have revolvers, then the bandits will find it easy to get them too, as in the United States, and we might see street battles such as take place in New York and Chicago. We want none of that here. Besides, if we give firearms to one kind of citizen we should have to give them to others. Post office assistants would want them. Bank messengers, jewelers and shopkeepers—in fact, anyone who thinks he is liable to attack.'

The police themselves are not armed. Nor do they wish to be. The London policeman does not even carry a pair of handcuffs, but only a truncheon. But he thinks with that he is more than a match for a hold-up man,—armed or not.

In the circumstances disclosed by the evidence, I do not find any criminality in the accused. Nor do I believe them to be men of criminal nature or tendencies. On the contrary, they appear to be men with understanding minds, sympathetic hearts, and sensitive souls. Men who in the words of one of the modern prophets of Israel, Morris S. Lazaron, in the *Seed of Abraham*,

have heard the old, old cry—the cry that has gone up from the lips of the disinherited of earth from the earliest days; the cry of aching muscles and weary bodies and despairing souls; the cry of dried up men and prematurely aged women for a chance for their offspring; the cry of children that they may lift their voices in song; the cry of a man for work—the faltering cry, 'For God's sake, I've a wife and baby—hungry mouths to feed'; the cry of men cowed, beaten by the forces against which they pitilessly hurl themselves; the cry of men with gaunt and pallid faces, with fingers grimed or stiff with cold; the cry of unbroken bread lines that rolls through the midst of the earth's wealth and glory and splendor; the cry of adolescent youth, weakened by work and exposure, white-faced and ill fed, for a chance. The cry of men to be men, and women to be women—to inherit their portion of the broad places of the earth; the cry of the human soul—the only Prometheus, shackled, bound—to break the fetters and redeem the earth from dirt and grime and muck and filth!

Accordingly, I find the accused not guilty and discharge them from custody.

L. ST. G STUBBS

Senior County Court Judge

17/October/32.

MARXISM

By HOWE MARTYN

MARXISM, the teaching left by a German, Karl Marx, in a ponderous book called *Das Kapital* and a brilliant pamphlet entitled *The Communist Manifesto*, is neither an economic theory nor a political doctrine. Marxism is a dogmatic 'philosophy of life'. Probably all such are fallacious, certainly all of them are dangerous. The danger of Marxism is that its believers share the vices of dogmatists; and the danger of dogmatism is that most dogmatists have the vices of the Marxists. And all of these vices may be summed up under the name of that old fault, 'refusing to face facts'.

Many dogmatists would be immensely surprised to be told that they were that; and the more surprised since there are so many of them, because everyone tends to become more and more dogmatic as he grows older. And all Marxists will repudiate savagely the charge that they refuse to face facts. Nevertheless the charge is just, the vice exists, and it is not condoned, although explained, by the fact that seeing facts is very much more difficult than convincing ourselves we are looking for them. Everyone is doing this and being dogmatic who is not prepared, not always trying, to modify his theories to fit new circumstances. The opposite of a dogmatist is an empiricist, and the true empiricist is a confirmed sceptic; he knows that he does not know and looks to the event to show him. The Marxist claims, on the contrary, that Karl Marx knew seventy-five years ago all about the present, including its depression, its unemployment, its

nationalistic conflicts and the rest. The Marxist uses *Das Kapital* as an almanac of every year's happenings. He may claim that the facts are as he sees them, but it can be shown that he is emphasizing some, suppressing others. All share in the Marxist delusion who think any philosophy, or even any science, can give absolutely certain knowledge about the future.

It takes a certain amount of philosophizing to criticize a philosophy of any kind, and much more a developed one like the Marxian. There are two possible ways to criticize Marxism, but the philosophical way is the more important and fruitful. The other way is to peck at Marx's arguments, to find flaws in his reasoning. This is weak criticism, because it does not clear the ground for other constructions than Marx's but only replaces his building by a pile of debris. And this way does not attack the philosophy of Marx, the foundation, which does not appear in any of his expressed views but is implied by them. Philosophical criticism attacks Marx's postulates—what he assumed, took for granted.

The nearest to a frank expression of Marx's philosophy is given in his doctrine of the Materialistic Interpretation of History, which is that historical events move in a predetermined and therefore predictable way, under the influence of natural laws such as that man requires food and clothing, that machines increase the amount of these man can produce, and so on. According to Marx, these

material factors dominate the world, over-ruling men's conscious aims and their individual purposes; and they force a 'progress' (he thought it that) by the overthrow of one ruling class after another—the aristocracy of land, then the bourgeoisie or the aristocracy of money—until the working class reaches power and eliminates all 'class' from society. Here in this doctrine is shown the influence of Marx's belief in a 'Dialectic'. Marx was a pupil of the notorious Hegel, inventor of the Absolute, the History of Thesis, Antithesis, and Synthesis, and much other philosophical lumber which we have not yet finished chopping up for kindling wood. From Hegel, Marx got the notion of a 'science' of history being possible, and of it showing history to have three stages, with the third and final one rising out of conflict between the previous two. With a strong prejudice in favour of dogmatic history, it was not hard for Marx to point to the dominion of Kings and Dukes as the first stage of his Dialectical movement, to the 'expropriation' of these by the formerly oppressed money-lenders (now 'capitalists') as the second, and to the ultimate triumph of the working-class (into which both Dukes and big executives will be absorbed) as the fulfilment.

Marx's assumptions, the ideas which from the back of his mind directed the course of the above story, are, first, that a science of history—with laws covering the unrealized future as well as the observed past—is possible; second, that the important factors for the laws to cover are material things, the conditions under which men earn their livelihood, and not their ideas, hopes, or religious beliefs; third, that progress is made by conflict, triumph of one force and defeat of another, rather than by reconciliation.

These assumptions need only to be stated to be doubted. The importance of stating them (and any importance this essay may have) is entirely due to the fact that all of us are so seldom aware of what we are taking for granted. We need more cellophane in the idea-market, so that we shall not be misled by pretty conclusions on the outsides of our parcels of beliefs, and buy up at high price a lot of obvious fallacies. We need to strip Marxism naked, since in this winter of unrest it will be tempting to believe in the philosophy because the Communist economic system (with which it has no necessary connection) seems to be working well.

If the fundamental hypotheses described above are valid, then Marxian philosophy (as distinct from Marxian and Communist economics) is sound. But if the first of them be disproved, if a Dialectic of history is impossible, then the whole edifice falls. The claim for a 'scientific' history may be met in two ways. The best modern philosophers (cf. Mr. Bertrand Russell) would say that Hegel and Marx are making a false claim, because their 'Dialectics' are based on a logic which is wrong. Mr. Russell and his followers in modern studies of logic have shown that logic cannot do what Hegel thought it could; it cannot control history, cannot give its shape to the event which happens tomorrow. Logic does not describe any entities at all, much less give past and future a single intelligible coherent form.

We take that answer to Marx here on the philosophers' authority. But there is another easier answer we can give ourselves. This is an answer

by appeal to the facts. We can say that what has happened in the past is enough to refute the Materialistic Interpretation of History. History has not been as Marx said it was. History is not a record of evolution of classes and revolutionary struggle between them. It is not orderly and systematic at all, but a chaos of individual happenings, about the causes of which a generalization may perhaps be made here and there, but none so sweeping as Marx's. Even should some people choose to believe that history does exhibit order, purpose, plan, they are not bound to the Marxian theory because they can give other descriptions of the plan equally good or (as I think) bad. And in any case we have not sufficient knowledge of the past to foretell the future and claim proof.

The greatest strength of Marxism is its claim to be scientific history, its claim to be an account of what must happen and is happening in the world, whether we will it or no. With a belief in that claim soundly established in his mind, the Marxist can go on to interpret almost anything as pointing to exploitation of the workers, instability of the capitalist system, approach of the necessary class-struggle. The Marxist exactly resembles the maniac whose delusion is that his wife wants to kill him and who therefore sees in her every attention and manifestation of affection a secret purpose to deceive him; and the Marxist's 'wife' is everyone with a salary over \$2,000.

Take away this 'scientific history', and Marxism is a pathetic skeleton with its principle of life gone. There is left a bit of very bad economic theory, the Labour Theory of Value. Marx in this theory was trying to give an explanation of the phenomena of buying and selling in terms of a *real value* inhering in the goods bought and sold and causing people to be willing to buy them. Not having the modern theory of 'utility' or desirability as the source of exchange value, Marx took the amounts of human effort required to produce goods as the causes of their having prices. But his labour theory of value fails simply because it explains nothing; he admitted himself that it was not a successful theory of price, and there is no other economic value but price. Labour alone can never be taken as the cause of price because 'capital' (which is ultimately created by some of us deciding to defer the consumption of what we have earned this year until next year or later) helps labour to produce. All goods produced do not therefore belong to labour as Marx thought.

But there is also in Marx a bit of economic theory which is possibly very good. This is the theory of Surplus Value, of the exploitation of the workers. While it is a wrong theory that the net produce of society ought all to go to labour, because labour is the sole productive force, yet there can be shown many instances where labour does not get its full share. The owners of capital have greater bargaining power than have the people with nothing to sell, nothing to live on, but their work. This power is very definitely used to interfere with the laws of supply and demand; and also it may be shown that the reward going to capital for its co-operation in production is not commensurate with the effort required to create that capital. Thus labour may be exploited and capital may actually rob labour, by paying workers only enough to keep

them alive and taking the whole of the surplus for itself.

And there is one subject in the study of which Marx was remarkably acute, namely, economic history. Hampered by a bad philosophy as he was, Marx nevertheless made a brilliant analysis of the development of the capitalistic system. He showed how the independent skilled workman—shoemaker, tailor, glass-blower, smith—has been replaced by 'free' labour—workmen owning no raw materials or tools and not selling the goods they make, but workmen selling their bodies. Human effort is now a commodity, Marx showed, like cheese or soap. And he also predicted our age of mergers, amalgamations, great fortunes, an age of centralization of the control of wealth and industry into fewer and fewer hands. At the same time he said there would be a growth of 'class-consciousness', as grows the barrier between the few owners and controllers at the top and the great mass of the rest of us who sell ourselves a day or a week or a month at a time for wages.

Beyond what has been indicated there is really very little in all the writings of Marx except a few poor jokes and an intense hatred of Christianity.

It seems little enough—only a prejudiced philosophy and some bits of economic theory of the least importance compared with Adam Smith's theory of supply and demand, or Marshall's marginal utility and marginal productivity theories, or Keynes's contributions to the theory of money. It may well be asked, are we sure this is all there is to Marxism? And, where in this explanation is mentioned anything of the force which stirs nations today? How could this Marxism have made modern Russia and the strong Communist party of Germany? How could a perversion of the already-perverted logic of one Hegel create something which makes sophisticated diplomatists tremble and hardened newspaper editors go epileptic?

The answer to these questions is simply that Marxism, taken to heart, becomes a religion. Sincerely believed religions stand with famines for world-shaking power. And Marxism is easy to take to heart. For one thing, it appeals to the better-hearted-than-headed, the great mass of the uneducated, and says that in accepting it they get rid of their curse of sentiment and become more rational than the educated bourgeoisie. They are promised emancipation from the leadership of 'their betters', who seem to have failed or else deceived them thus far. And again, and most important, Marxism convinces people that 'God is with them'. History wills Marxism, it is said. Marxists are part of a cause destined to victory.

The religious character of Marxism is at once its strength and its weakness. Marxism is fatalistic. Thus Marxism as a movement has the encouragement of being sure of victory because superhuman world forces impel it; and it has the weakness of knowing that victory will come without any help from self-sacrificing human leadership. It has the same strength and weakness as theory, because it demands only belief, not constant criticism and revision and improvement.

The greatest danger of Marxism comes not from any particular threats of revolution in this quarter or that of the world, nor from aggressive war by

Communist Russia. The danger comes from a too-nearly universal tendency of human nature. People are too prone to accept the consolations of dogmatism of one kind or another. If people had moral courage equal to their intelligence, they would be able to stand fast in scepticism. But they are afraid of an unknown and uncontrolled future. So it is that they construct specious theories to give them an unfounded, and unworthy, peace of mind. And so it is that we must be constantly on guard to question all dogmatic theories, of which Marxism is only one example.

NIGHT ON A HILL

There was one night

When we watched the sad, still death of evening sky,

Looked off into the blackness of the woods below,
Saw the dancing lights of the town,
And from beyond, where lay the bay and the strange ships,

Caught the scent of salt. . . .

Why did you turn in that pensive way

Whenever we spoke of death?

Did we not agree that the hour is all,
That the moment lived and the light that gleams,
The far, dim Goddess beheld in dreams,
The vastness of the starry night,
The mouth on mouth and the hand in hand,
Are all the heaven we understand?

I know you well . . . and the thought that brings

The sadness into your eye,
Is one of grief that the best is over
When these frail bodies die. . . .

But listen . . . (you with the eyes of blue)

Your heart is like the singing of the sea,
It is your mind that questions.

I will show you that the books are false,
That the doubts that torture you now are lies.
I will read you Plato, Origen, Hegel, Bossuet,
Schopenhauer, Scotus, Descartes. . . .

I will lose you in a labyrinth of intellectual chaos,
And then,

I will bring you to a moment in the twilight,
When the light fails,
And the heart grows lonely,
And we sit alone by the fire,
And I will show you that the hour, and the hour only, is sweet. . . .

Thus we talked one night on a hill

Overlooking the sea. . . .

Now that you are dead to me I have tried long and long

To remember your face . . . your face. . . .

VERNAL BRONSON HOUSE





THE STATE, EDUCATION and LIBERTY

DR. LANGFORD'S dissertation* is one more very welcome sign that thought about education in North America—sensitive, no doubt, to its milieu—is turning from the surface manipulation of techniques to re-analyse first principles. The rhythm of educational thought might almost be said to alternate between the classicism of Plato and the romanticism of Rousseau. So far as I am aware, Dr. Langford makes no reference to either thinker. His treatment, characteristically North American as it is, fails to link up the problem he is discussing with the long, long record to which it is one more contribution.

For the issue with which he is concerned is as old as civilized society itself. How shall the young be trained? By Prescription of the Elders or by Aiding Nature to its own end, whatever that end may prove to be?

By keeping strictly to the present world and by using current terminology (not in all respects an improvement on that used by the old writers), he contrives to give to his problem a somewhat illusory air of modernity, though there is little doubt that he himself is well aware that it is no new thing. The chief element of value in his treatment is that he takes the actual working of a powerful and highly-organized system of State education—that of Ontario—as a specimen for dissection, and so is able to give concreteness and point to the antithesis that he is discussing.

He states the antithesis in the form of two 'tendencies' both of which he finds present in the working of the Ontario system. They are:—

(a) Emphasizing Fulfilment of Immediate Life-Needs; (b) Emphasizing Fulfilment of Uniform Social Requirements. These might be crystallized as Growth and Prescription. The first may be illustrated by Dr. Langford's quotation from official instructions concerning physical training. Exercises '... should always be suitable in character and frequency to the age and physical condition of individual pupils. Prevailing defects should be studied and exercises and directions given to correct them.' (Were it not for the ambiguous swing of its tail, we might have chosen here a quotation from the Minister: 'The most important factor in any scheme of educational reform is the bearing this reform has upon the good of the children and the promotion of better citizenship in this Province.' Was it not precisely Rousseau's point that 'better citizenship' and 'the good of the children' might not be compatible?)

The second 'tendency' is beautifully illustrated by a quotation from the official *Principles of Method*: 'Among all progressive peoples today, the State has assumed control of the education of its youth. It has done so, in the first place, for the sake of its

own protection, advancement and welfare.' Precisely the standpoint of the Plato of the *Laws*! Only, curiously enough, he was concerned to prevent the State from ever becoming 'progressive', and that was why it was to control education. Evidently, either times have changed or there is confusion of thought somewhere.

Two observations may be made about Dr. Langford's statement of these 'tendencies'. The first is that, quite in the modern scientific manner, he endows them, by a sort of hypostasis, with a sharpness of distinction and a separateness of identity that are somewhat unreal. Thus he says: 'They may be described as two forces, brought to bear upon the educational situation from different angles to maintain its equilibrium and ensure its continuous movement in a desirable direction.' As metaphor the language may be justifiable, but is there not some risk in the use of it? Is the working of an educational system a composition of forces of this kind?

The other observation concerns more directly the substance of the matter. Might not the antithesis have been better stated as between two conceptions of control? Since education must necessarily imply control of some kind, the difference of view might be related to the different modes of operation that opposed forms of control would reveal. There is control of the Rousseau kind that might be called 'evocative'—the provision of appropriate stimuli and opportunities that leave the educand with a growing sense that he is discovering himself under the direction of his own revealed interests. And there is the other form of control where the criterion is almost wholly external and inspired by the kind of motive that prompted the writer of a seventeenth-century schoolbook to give it the title: *You Shall Make Latin Whether You Will Or No*. Such a form of statement would have had the advantage of relating the issue to the parallel problem in the field of Government, as both Plato and Rousseau certainly did relate it.

Setting aside this more formal consideration, however, we can appreciate warmly the thorough analysis to which Dr. Langford, in the light of his criteria, subjects the Ontario system. He is particularly concerned with the training of teachers and the spirit in which the supervision of the schools is carried on. No quotation can do justice to the many good things he says, but one passage at least must be cited as illustrating the kind of conclusion to which he comes:

Educational efficiency demands exact reversal of the traditional relationship within the profession between the administrator and the worker directly responsible for the educative process. Education in the technical sense should be the senior branch, educational administration the junior branch of the profession.

How utterly subversive! Enough to justify the suppression of the book on a continent where the one way to distinction and 'success' in the educational world has been to crawl out of the school at the earliest opportunity and climb the administrative pyramid. Yet here is Dr. Langford proposing not merely to lift up Olympus, but to stand it on its apex! And does not he himself quote a teachers' journal (1929) which regards the appointment of a High School Inspector from the ranks of the teachers, as 'a signal honour', 'the first case in our educa-

*Educational Service: Its Functions and Possibilities, by Howard D. Langford, Ph.D. (Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University; pp. vi, 212; \$2.00).

tional history, . . . All others have been principals or professors'?

Perhaps Dr. Langford shows insufficient sense of the real qualities of statesmanship that are called for in at least the higher ranges of administration. But he will get some endorsement from all those whose experience it has been to deal with half-educated thrusters who want to be trained for 'educational administration' so that they may direct the activities of better people than themselves.

Since it is impossible to do more than hint at the good things which can be found in the body of Dr. Langford's important book, we must turn, finally, to a brief evaluation of the results of his enquiry.

Whatever the type of control that may be exercised, he is presupposing, all along, some direct action by the State. And here, we think, he hardly pushes the enquiry far enough. He tends to neglect the political philosophy of the argument and does not consider sufficiently the possibility of profound changes in the theory and practice of the State. Indeed, in his concluding remarks on Russian Communism, he comes very near to accepting, on a world scale, the very philosophy the operation of which in Ontario he has so vigorously criticized.

The crux of the matter is implied in a quotation which he gives from a Ministerial memorandum where the Minister invites suggestions for a new course of study: 'He (i.e., the Minister) will by this means have at his disposal valuable data to assist in making the courses of still greater value to the pupils for whom they are prescribed.'

Here we find clearly indicated what may be called the typical view of bureaucratic, industrialized democracy; the view of people whose modes of thought about Society and its needs have been modelled, more than they realize, on the modern processes of mass-production and the techniques of the 'strong executive'. There is no question here of the competence or benevolence of the particular Minister concerned. The question at issue concerns rather the ways and means of achieving social good through education. Dr. Langford shows good reason for doubting whether this conception of a Central Departmental Providence dispensing standardized blessings to a docile population is really the last word of human wisdom in regard to the mode of action of the State in education. The final logic of it is to dispense with the teacher altogether, especially in these days of increasingly efficient radio. *Teachers* in the full sense of the word, and the Central Emporium theory of State education, cannot possibly co-exist. Dr. Langford is quite clear on that point. But why should the State have an educational doctrine of its own at all, any more than it has a religious doctrine? Why have we gone so far in political religious toleration and such a very little way in political educational toleration? When one thinks of education in terms of human personality—the only adequate terms—and thinks also of the winds of the Spirit that blow where they list in that infinitely creative process, one can only say to all the 'formative' theories of State* action, *education is not that sort of thing.*

But is there in sight as yet, in this world of

*It may be noted that I should distinguish sharply 'State' and 'Society'.

Wellsian efficiency and doctrinaire 'isms', any theory of the State which would not, in practice, make it

A hieroglyphic State-machine,
Contrived to furnish Fancy in?

Will not State education always be a form of propaganda designed to produce that kind of 'better citizenship' which suits a dominant order?

Perhaps the real doubt is whether men will ever be good enough to be trusted with their own education, or sufficiently devoted to liberty to leave one another alone. No attempt is made by the reviewer to answer the question. He merely wishes to suggest that Dr. Langford might have asked it more directly even though it has no immediate practical bearing.

But there is more than this. Dr. Langford seems at times to have a leaning towards the Russian model, attracted, apparently, by the possibility of social 'planning'. But why should a Commissar give more scope to the actual educator or teacher than a Minister of Education? Are the distortion and confinement of growing personality that come from external prescription any more bearable when they are caused by a World Order than when they are caused by a Provincial Government? Before we go in whole-heartedly for 'social planning' we should ask ourselves whether we are ready to accept all that must go with it. There may go with it just that philosophy of State education which Dr. Langford criticizes so severely when it appears in a comparatively mild form in Ontario. Plato's *Laws* is a hopelessly out-of-date document, no doubt, but the hopeful optimism of our eager 'planners' might be moderated a little by a reading of it. 'Planning' as Communist Russia understands it, and individual growth as North America understands it, can hardly be made compatible except on the basis of a philosophy the construction of which has not yet begun. And the little finger of a World Order may be thicker than the loins of a Provincial Government.

So it is in the direction of political rather than of educational philosophy that the argument has to be driven further. Some day it may appear that backward Quebec, which has held off the State in education, has been more far-sighted than progressive Ontario which has welcomed the State and now is beginning to wonder what to do with it. Time's whirligig moves fast now, and the young ones among us may see strange things.

F. CLARKE

WITH A VOLUME OF EMILY DICKINSON

This linnet-woman whom I bring
To twitter from her dust,
Will tell you life is such and so,
And love is thus and thus;

That time and Blake's infinity
And robins pressed by grief,
Are things to choke a poet's pen,
And give her cause to weep.

For Emily loved the brittle phrase,
And kept her heart ajar
To harbour words that groped their way,
And whimpered in the dark.

LEO KENNEDY



THE HAPPY HUNTER

By PETER ACTON

Aged 11 years, Member of the
Saturday Morning Class,
Art Gallery of Toronto.

MRS. BANCROFT

By M. D.

EVERYTHING in the room was in good taste as well as being expensive. For instance, the silk curtains were a lovely shade of plum colour that blended perfectly with the rich purple of the rug and contrasted pleasantly with the bright apple green of the cushions and lamp shades. The furniture was modern in design and the beautiful graining of the wood showed beneath a silvery grey stain. On one side of the fireplace a print of Van Gogh's *White Roses* hung in a green and silver frame.

Mrs. Bancroft sat on the plum-coloured sofa in front of the fire and one of the apple-green cushions supported her back. A pleasant sense of well-being pervaded her senses, and she felt at peace with the world.

'After all', she thought to herself, 'if one tries to live decently, one gains a certain peace of mind.' She began thinking of some of her friends. How unhappy they were really, and was it worth it?

There was Mrs. Purdie—constantly deceiving her husband and behaving immorally with Ned Vickers. Of course her husband was dull, no one could deny that, and there was something rather fascinating about Ned—she herself had felt it—but it was immoral all the same. She felt sure that Naomi Purdie did not experience this feeling of peace and well-being when she was face to face with herself. Then so many of her friends were discontented. She had her faults, of course. Mrs. Bancroft knew she had them, but she was grateful for her mercies and she often thanked God for all His goodness to her.

A slight noise made her look up, and she saw her housemaid standing in the doorway. The sight of her in her plum-colour dress and spotless cap and apron added to Mrs. Bancroft's feeling of pleasure and satisfaction. Mrs. Bancroft was always kind and considerate to her servants, but she was adamant on the subject of immaculate caps and aprons.

'Please Madam', said the maid, 'Mrs. Koshetz has finished cleaning the windows, and she wants to know if she can speak to you.'

Mrs. Koshetz looked out of place among the modern furniture and the green and purple hangings. Yet there was something noble and beautiful about her. She suggested a landscape with high mountains somewhere in the background. Mrs. Bancroft could see Mrs. Koshetz standing in the midst of undulating wheat fields, tall and graceful, with a great sheaf of wheat supported on her shoulder with her bare brown arms.

Suddenly the furniture and the lampshades looked rather trivial. Mrs. Koshetz had left her home in the Ukraine two years ago. For a long time she and her husband had saved their money, and in the evenings when their work was done they had sat beside the lamp and looked at pictures of Canada. Always the pictures were of Canada in the summer or the autumn season, with miles and miles of bright yellow wheat fields spread out under a very blue sky, and rays of light sprayed from a huge golden sun over the abundant harvest.

Mrs. Bancroft looked at Mrs. Koshetz with a kindly smile. What a beautiful face the woman had

and how majestically she stood in her shabby clothes and battered hat!

Mrs. Koshetz's husband had had no work for six months and Mrs. Koshetz wondered if Madam knew of some one who would like Mr. Koshetz to work for them? Alas! Mrs. Bancroft knew of no one.

'Poor Mrs. Koshetz, you have had a hard time since you came to Canada', she said gently. 'Are you not perhaps sorry that you did not remain in your own country?' Mrs. Koshetz looked at her with her mournful eyes, and she spoke slowly in her soft foreign English.

'At first yes; we left a nice little farm, my husband worked on the land; I had my little house where I cooked and washed, and I worked also in the fields with my husband. We had cows, a horse and cart; and often I sang to my baby. Since we came here we live in one room; my child is sick; my husband can find no work; now we cannot go back because our money is gone.'

Mrs. Bancroft felt a lump rise in her throat, she had a tender heart and her emotions were easily aroused.

'Poor Mrs. Koshetz', she said gently, and she reached for her purse deciding to add a dollar to the sum Mrs. Koshetz was entitled to for her day's work.

'But now', said Mrs. Koshetz, unconscious of the emotion she had stirred in Mrs. Bancroft, 'now we are not sorry any more. I get a letter from my mother and everything is very unhappy away there in my home. The government treat our people very bad, and they take everything from them to give to the Polish people. Every week my mother's letters are more and more sad, and now there is nothing left and my mother has not enough to eat.'

'What can your husband do?' asked Mrs. Bancroft.

'He can do lots of things', said Mrs. Koshetz eagerly. 'Six months ago he worked in a restaurant, but he got in a big fight.'

She stopped and a bright smile lit up her sombre face and she showed her beautiful white teeth.

'You can think, Madam, how bad a fight it was', she said; 'his back is still sore, and the fight was six months ago.'

Mrs. Bancroft decided that Mr. Koshetz must be one of those violent unsatisfactory Italians—she had forgotten that he came from the Ukraine. It was well that Mrs. Koshetz had mentioned the fight as it might have been awkward if she had recommended him to her friends. She gave Mrs. Koshetz the extra dollar and hurried away to dress for dinner.

Several months had passed since Mrs. Bancroft's talk with Mrs. Koshetz. As she sat in her plum-colour sitting room the nicety of its appointments and the harmony of its colour scheme no longer gave her happiness or satisfaction. Also that serenity of mind that had once been the accompaniment of her seemingly way of life had gone from her soul. Tears ran down her cheeks and she said over and over again to herself:

'It is terrible—terrible.'

And indeed it was terrible!

This is what had happened. Mrs. Bancroft's housemaid—she of the immaculate cap and apron—announced to her mistress that the charwoman, Mrs. Koshetz, was causing trouble in the kitchen. Her table manners were so disgusting that the servants refused to stay in the room with her; for the last two weeks she had been sitting at the kitchen table with her head on her arms when she should have been washing the windows, and when cook had reproached her for her unfaithfulness she had been very rude to cook. And moreover she had been doing her work very badly—had Madam not noticed how streaky the windows were?—they were a disgrace!

Mrs. Bancroft had noticed; as a matter of fact she had meant to speak of it. Had Mrs. Koshetz forgotten about putting a tablespoonful of wood alcohol into the pail of hot water as she had been told to do?

No she had not forgotten, on the contrary she had been grossly extravagant with the wood alcohol.

'One would almost think', said Kate indignantly, 'that she was a rich woman the way she pours the wood alcohol straight out of the bottle into the pail instead of measuring it with a tablespoon.'

That same day Maurice—the chauffeur—who had also noticed the streakiness of the windows—offered, for a very slight increase in wages, to clean the windows himself; and so it was arranged, and Mrs. Koshetz came no more on Mondays and Fridays to clean the windows at Mrs. Bancroft's.

But that had all happened months ago, and everybody had forgotten Mrs. Koshetz and her slovenly ways.

And now this terrible thing had happened. The day before yesterday Mrs. Koshetz had walked into a police station and had asked to speak to the chief of police. Looking at him with her mournful eyes she said quietly with her soft foreign voice:

'I come to tell you what I have done. Since we come from our home in the Ukraine we have had bad luck. My husband is not able to find work; my little boy is sick, and now very soon we are going to have another child. My little boy is sick because he has not had enough to eat; I ask myself what happens when there is another one? Today I have put my little boy to sleep with his head lying in the oven of the gas stove—and now he is dead. Come with me and you will find that all what I have told you is true.'

Mrs. Bancroft was profoundly unhappy. She could think of nothing but the cruelty and the injustice in the world. The fate of Mrs. Koshetz haunted her by day and by night; and always there were fresh cases of suffering and distress. She could not rest; she enquired at the social welfare bureaux if they had any work she could do, but they had efficient paid workers; all they asked for and seemed to need was money. So she gave away large sums; she gave and gave until her husband said:

'If you go on giving away money as you are doing, soon we shall have nothing left. You can do no good by all this, it is hysteria I tell you; you do not understand economic conditions; when you try to put things right you do more harm than good. You sacrifice yourself and put away your car. What good has it done? You have thrown an honest man

out of work, and now Maurice is without means of support for his wife and family.'

All that her husband said was true; but she could not get back her peace of mind.

She continued to give away money — she even thought of giving away her fur coat. One cold day when she was walking home a man stopped her and asked for charity. As she looked at him standing there in the bitter wind, at his thin half-clothed body, at his wretched face, at his hand held out for charity, she suddenly felt ashamed—ashamed of her rich fur coat, of the wretched man standing whining in the wind, of her queenly attitude in handing him a few coins,—she felt ashamed of the whole system of civilization. What was happening to her? Was she turning into one of those dreadful Bolsheviks?

At last she became ill. Her husband was distraught.

'Why do you torture yourself?' he asked. 'These conditions have always existed; these social problems will always be with us. You cannot solve them, nor can you put them right. Why then do you make yourself and every one about you miserable, instead of being thankful that your circumstances enable you to lead a happy and contented life?'

Perhaps he was right.

Several weeks later Mrs. Bancroft went to a lunch party. As she sat at the table she felt as if she had just returned from a long journey. She was delighted to see all her old friends again, and she enjoyed listening to their laughter and animated conversation. In the centre of the table was a silver filigree bowl filled with pale yellow roses, and there were salted nuts in small amber baskets and glass dishes filled with greengages. The Moselle was served in tall crystal glasses with amber-coloured stems. Mrs. Bancroft admired the tasteful arrangement of the table, the brightness of the silver, and the delicacy of the food.

'What a delicious entrée', she exclaimed, holding a truffle on the tip of her fork. The hostess explained that it was composed of creamed sweetbreads, truffles, and a *soupeon* of white wine. Mrs. Bancroft became aware of Naomi Purdie's voice at the other end of the table.

'It is a heartrending case', she was saying. 'There are five children, the mother is terribly ill, and the husband has gone away and left them. He tried to get work for weeks and weeks, and now he has gone away—has just disappeared.' Mrs. Bancroft turned to her neighbour.

'These conditions have always existed', she said. 'These social problems will always be with us.'

All the guests began talking about the afflictions of the poor.

'We do not understand economic conditions', Mrs. Bancroft said, 'and so very often when we try to help we only make things worse.'

Servants were removing the plates and refilling the wine glasses with Moselle.

Every one began talking again, and Mrs. Purdie's strident voice could be heard above the others telling a funny story about a man who had been deceiving his wife.

Mrs. Bancroft turned to the hostess.

'That was the best entrée I have ever tasted', she said.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF PROUST

MARCEL PROUST died on the eighteenth of November, 1922. Ten years ago. And on a hasty survey of contemporary literature, one would be tempted to say that for all the direct influence observable, it might as well have been ten centuries. It would be difficult to point to a single work of any prominence, in French or any other modern language, of which one could say with certainty that it would not be what it is except for Proust's influence. In France, even, his reputation has suffered a certain diminution, though it has steadily increased abroad.

It is natural, and perhaps especially marked in France, that the death of a prominent author should be followed by a period of revaluation, and even of reaction, or mere neglect. The same fate has befallen Conrad in English, an author of much lesser stature but far from negligible. Proust himself would be as little surprised as any man, for he has more than one reflection on the time that is needed for any author to create the taste by which he is appreciated.

Yet perhaps it would be a mistake to look for the influence of Proust only in works that copy his superficial characteristics. It may be doubted whether such works are a very valuable addition to the world's literature; and they run a great danger of betraying merely a failure to appreciate his real significance.

It is too early to say definitely whether Proust stands at the beginning of a new period of fiction, or at the end of an old. It is possible that the long serious novel may be entering into a decline, having reached in various hands the greatest perfection, along those particular lines, that we are at present capable of giving it. Its reign has already lasted a good while, as human constructions go; but it is not easy to see what would take its place. Perhaps serious psychological and sociological study will migrate rather to formal technical monographs, and the tendencies already observable—towards short, comparatively simple, and often rather light novels, and tales of violent action, or mechanical toys of intellectual complication, with little psychological profundity—will assert themselves more and more, with non-technical serious thought taking refuge perhaps in poetry, perhaps on the stage, while the novel lies fallow for a while.

Yet, even if no novel is ever written that recalls in form and scope the *Recherche du Temps Perdu*, the essential values of Proust may continue to exercise their influence almost undiminished. For one thing, it is hardly conceivable that his work will ever cease to be read with pleasure, though for one that will read him entire there will be hundreds that will know only chosen extracts. The new sonority, the new complexity and richness that he conquered for the French language, can never be entirely lost. Subsequent generations may turn to him, as they have turned to no one since Bossuet, as a master of style. The other main current of French prose through Voltaire to Anatole France, effective as it is within its limits, has a narrower scope of expression, is, through the very renunciation and limitation that make its force and clarity, incapable of expressing the same minute shadings of complexity. It is an instrument much too valuable to suffer neglect, but it is well that it should be

supplemented, for effects beyond its nature, by the more complex instrument that Proust developed. For Proust, unlike most French writers, does not capture an idea by an overwhelming frontal attack skilfully directed on a chosen point, or by a dexterous and elaborate flank movement, but by a steady, closely co-ordinated enveloping advance all along a broad front. Tactics must change, according to the nature of the ground and of the enemy, and that language is happiest that has an elastic variety of attack at its disposal.

But the main interest of Proust did not lie in the development of a style. He was attempting nothing less than a scientific solution of the age-old problem: what is the secret of great literature? His book is at once the history of his search for the answer, and an example, or set of examples, of the results of the quest. He formulated the problem thus: Is there any state of our consciousness, more or less under our control, in which we can approach our own past experience and become absorbed in it, as we sometimes are in a book, in a temporary abstraction from present reality, which gives entirely the feeling of living at a different time, in different circumstances?

If such a state of consciousness can be found, it is reasonable to suppose that an effective transcription of these moments would, of all our mental activity, be the portion most akin by nature to the best passages of these books, offering the author the greatest chance of operating on his readers that absorption which is the greatest triumph of literature. Such a quality he believes he finds in those moments when some accident of association recalls and presents in all its vital and convincing freshness some episode of our past life, possibly one that we should have thought comparatively trivial. It is the intensity, not the content, that matters supremely, for there is a difference almost of kind rather than of degree between the living record of life and a lifeless account of lifeless fact.

The essence of his thought is that effective writing must be not a record but a re-creation of experience. The writer is a sort of worker-bee, the readers the young bees that feed on his honey. Experience is the raw nectar, which will not keep unspoiled, nor can it be satisfactorily assimilated by the young bees until it has been transformed into honey. The key to the method by which this transformation operates, he thought he found in those occasions when the memory of a past experience, through some trick of association, suddenly presents itself vivid and complete, more vivid and complete indeed than it had been when first experienced, for it has undergone this transformation that renders it intelligible and transparent to the appreciating mind. What returns is a purely mental construction freed of the opacity of alien and uncooperating facts. It is a construction of the subconscious mind, and as such may occasionally be felt by anyone, though most keenly and clearly by the artist. The task of the artist is to form of the conscious mind an instrument capable of registering, and transmitting to others, these impressions with a minimum of loss.

It is difficult to operate this process deliberately, but at least, if we are aware of its importance, we may improve our capacity for taking advantage of it when it does occur. Without this quality of authentic personal experience, no book can thor-

oughly move and convince us. No creative writing can attain more than superficial expression unless it has at the core an experience that has undergone this transformation from the physical to the mental, from raw material to literary material.

Proust's view must not be confused with *Sur-réalisme*. He lays great stress on the activity of the conscious mind in developing and expressing the material supplied by the subconscious. In a sense, he begins where the *Surréalistes* leave off. Again, he is almost the exact antithesis of Joyce, who carries on rather from the Naturalist school that Proust so steadily opposes, deriving as he does rather from Stendhal, Pascal, and indeed the whole classical tradition.

Like this tradition, he really leaves more freedom to his disciples than do the *Surréalistes* or Joyce. Clearly, it would be altogether erroneous to suppose that acceptance of his theory would mean continuing to write only lengthy and reflective autobiographical novels like the *Recherche du Temps Perdu*. In fact, to do that would be almost equivalent to a refusal of the theory. If Proust has done his work as he hoped, it need not be done again. The method has been expounded and exemplified. If it is not satisfactory, there is nothing to do but reject it: if it is satisfactory, it remains to apply it in all fields of literature, as mathematical formulae, once obtained, pass over into engineering practice or further theoretic advance, not stopping at a perpetual rehashing of the same approach to the same problem.

The idea is not, of course, entirely new. It expresses, more exactly and scientifically, what seems to have been in Wordsworth's mind when he spoke of 'emotion recollected in tranquillity'. In a sense, too, it may be said that Proust wrote the book Stendhal might have written, if he had had the minute and inexhaustible perseverance, the single-minded clarity of aim, if he had stubbornly preferred intellectual satisfaction to the glories and gratifications of the world, the expression of his sensations to the enjoyment of them—if, in short, he had been not Stendhal but Proust. Crudely expressed, a germ of the idea may be found in Horace, who in turn was indebted to Greek manuals. But the difference between Proust and Horace is the difference between modern chemistry and the atomic speculations of Epicurus. Proust has done the laboratory work, has clarified and made more explicit the theory of the process. Ever since literature has existed, men seem to have been aware of this gulf between that which does, and that which does not genuinely move the reader, and have attempted various explanations of the difference, explanations which were usually sought somewhere outside the writer, whether in heaven or on earth. To Proust belongs the distinction of being the first to elaborate a detailed and scientific theory that places the secret entirely within the writer himself. Whether the theory is on the whole satisfactory, to what extent, like most scientific theories, it needs revision, remains to be seen. In any case, with Proust remains the glory of having made one of the greatest single contributions to the difficult, obscure, and too often superficially-treated problem of the springs of literary composition.

L. A. MacKAY

SNOW FOR CHRISTMAS

Snow for Christmas.

Gloom of dark fir trees set in a vacant space
At the corner of Highfield Street;
Spruce and fir trees crowding against a wall,
Hiding the 'Skates Sharpened' sign in a dingy window.

Sleds jingling by piled high with green;
Loads of spicy green peddled from door to door;
Men in moccasins and knee-length moccasin-socks,
Wrapped to the eyes in bulky country coats,
Stamping their feet and beating their arms in the cold,

Lifting the trees, standing one up in the street,
Pulling out its branches with stiff, mittened hands
To show off its shape and thickness.
Boys with eager eyes and hard red cheeks—
Small dark figures with handsleds on new snow—
Rushing to drink in the joyous excitement,
The hurry, the winter crispness,
The fragrance in the air.

A sleigh stopped on a corner;
A low red pung, smothered in shaggy robes.
The horse starts suddenly.
The driver, jolted forward, catches the reins,
Goes off with one snow-powdered foot
Swinging outside,
His collar up, his fur cap down,
Eyes squinting against the fierce, blue-white glitter,
One corner of a shabby buffalo
Dragging in the snow.

Christmas.

Squaws in the market, selling wreaths;
Fat faces, ancient hats and leg o' mutton sleeves,
Eyes sullen and heavy at the sight
Of red berries nested deftly in club moss.
A farmer sidling past in a worn 'coon coat,
A sheaf of silky fox pelts over his arm,
Anxious lines deepened by cold in his dark-tanned face;
'Want to buy a nice silver fox for the Missus for Christmas?'

Snow, hard-packed on sidewalks by hurrying feet,
Ground into dry, brown meal at street corners
With cars groaning and wallowing through.
Two children starting to cross, blocking the road—
Small girls in red wool caps and ragged coats—
Thin sharp faces bent in earnest talk,
Seeing no traffic, no shoppers, no policemen,
Seeing nothing but two red candy beads
To be examined minutely on a gray mitten,
Measured with care and divided fairly between them.

Red and green in windows milky with frost.
Beyond them a naked young mountain ash
Flaunting a spread of frozen berries
Against the hard glare of the sky;
Pale withered berries beside the living scarlet
Of the beribboned wreaths.
The harsh rhythm of bells in the bitter air;
Country sleighs pounding joyously, stridently by.

GRACE TOMKINSON

WEDDING DAYS

By MARY QUAYLE INNIS

ALL the articles of Jessie's trousseau—the rayon underwear, the house dresses and stockings, and the blue wedding dress—were laid out on the bed. The suitcase lay open on a chair, but Jessie and Mrs. Barnhill, fluttering over the finery, could not decide what to put in first. Mrs. Coombs, Jessie's mother, sat in a rocking chair at the other end of the room, paying no attention to their talk. Her arms lay heavy against her sides and her feet sprawled on the linoleum rug, with their soles turned together. Mrs. Barnhill, she thought, acted as though she were Jessie's mother, which was a good thing, for Jessie needed somebody to make a fuss over her.

'My, but that there little slip's the sweetest thing I ever seen', declared Mrs. Barnhill, holding it up.

'I got it at a sale, too', Jessie said. 'I better take the price tag off.'

'Don't you think this little nightgown is cute with the flowers on it? Look, Mrs. Coombs', Mrs. Barnhill insisted. 'You ain't takin' no interest in Jessie's things.'

Mrs. Coombs, knowing that it was useless to resist her landlady, turned slowly to look at the nightgown.

'Fred likely won't see it,' she said.

Mrs. Barnhill clicked her tongue disapprovingly and Jessie coloured and protested.

'Oh, ma, don't.'

She'd soon get over that, Mrs. Coombs thought. Have to. If only they'd let her be. She ached all over worse than toothache.

'I'm afraid they'll get all mussed up in that suitcase', Mrs. Barnhill was saying. 'I wish you didn't need to pack till mornin'. Oh, it's a sin for you to go off alone like this. It's a sin an' shame, honey, for a girl to get married without none of her own people there. It ain't right.'

Mrs. Barnhill was getting all worked up again. Mrs. Coombs groaned. They had everything arranged very nicely if only Mrs. Barnhill would keep her oar out. Jessie was engaged to Fred Berry in Larkinsville. Fred lived with his parents there, people comfortably off, well able to look after Jessie. She had been as happy about her daughter's engagement as she ever was about anything. For it settled Jessie's future, and she had been worried about that. The girl couldn't go on working in the laundry forever. Fred was the answer.

Jessie was to go to Larkinsville on the early train tomorrow. Fred would meet her, they would be married at the parsonage at noon and go afterward to Fred's home where they were to live. It was all perfectly proper and suitable and Jessie had been satisfied till Mrs. Barnhill began to make trouble. She had talked about it so much that she had upset Jessie. Old fool. As if they could have a wedding here in their one rented room on the third floor of Mrs. Barnhill's house.

'Fred's mother's awfully nice', Jessie said doubtfully. 'She's got everything ready.'

'Well, it's a sin and shame', Mrs. Barnhill cried, waving the pink nightgown. She panted and her broad face grew scarlet. 'It hadn't ought to of been planned that way. A girl ought to get married in

her mother's house.'

'What if her mother ain't got a house?' demanded Mrs. Coombs harshly. 'I s'pose she should get married in her mother's bedroom.'

'I got a house, though', Mrs. Barnhill pointed out, 'and I told you before I'd be proud to have Jessie married in it. Her and Fred could stand in the archway down there, and my friend Miss Potter'd be glad to play the wedding march. It'd be real sweet, an' then her mother'd be with her like she ought to be.'

Mrs. Coombs moved her head in weary dissent. 'I can't afford it', she said. 'I ain't got any money for such truck. Besides I don't want to be beholden to you, Mrs. Barnhill. It's all arranged, and Jessie's happy. You don't need to fret none.'

'Jessie ain't happy neither. She wants her mother with her on her wedding day. Look at her.'

Mrs. Coombs looked, and sure enough Jessie's eyes were red and she held her handkerchief crumpled in a ball against her mouth. The poor little fool kept listening to Mrs. Barnhill and taking the whole thing for gospel. Mrs. Barnhill didn't really want Jessie married in her parlour, or care whether she got married at all. It was her love of mixing in other people's affairs, managing, running things, and also the sentimental foolishness that afflicts childless women where children are concerned. She shut her eyes and turned away her face.

'Ma, don't sit with your feet like that', Jessie exclaimed shrilly. 'It looks awful.'

Without speaking Mrs. Coombs turned each foot painfully over and set it on its burning sole. Why couldn't they let her alone. She had waxed Mrs. Freeman's whole downstairs today. Her knees were fairly calloused, and her shoulders had a grinding ache as though somebody were sawing through the bone.

'You call Fred up and tell him you want him to come here in the mornin' 'stead of you goin' there. Your ma and me'll red up the house and you can get married at noon same as you planned. I'll see to everything.'

They went downstairs together, still talking. Mrs. Coombs looked at the bed, but it was covered with pink rayon so that there was no place for her to lie down. She leaned back and shut her eyes again, enjoying the quiet. If only Mrs. Barnhill would keep her mouth shut. But it would all be over this time tomorrow. The last of her children would be gone; she would be alone. It seemed to her that she could scarcely wait.

Not that Jessie wasn't a good girl—she was quite tiresomely good. She never went with a fast crowd or wasted her money or stayed out late. She was such a mild, quiet, gentle little soul that it was a wonder a man had ever noticed her. She would make a perfect wife and a year from now she would have a baby and make it a perfect mother. She had always been a perfect daughter, and her mother could not wait to be rid of her.

Jessie was all right, all her children had been all right, even Harry who went to the bad. She felt no pain any longer on Harry's account. She had done

all she could for him and he had gone wrong. Well, she had suffered for years over it and she was through. She didn't know where he was, and she no longer wanted to know.

Her husband had been all right too; she had nothing against him. Jack Coombs had been a good enough man and never rough to her when he was sober. Only he had been the wrong man. She had loved the right man when she was sixteen and lost him. For nearly a year she had lived in heaven simply to be seeing Arnold on the street or sitting behind him in church. Then he had gone away to study for the ministry, never, apparently, having noticed that she was alive, and her father had married her at seventeen to Jack Coombs, a man twenty years her elder.

The trouble about being married so young was that it made life last a long time. Mrs. Coombs was only sixty and she felt six hundred. Perhaps it seemed long because she had had so many children and lost so many. Her older sons were sober heads of families, hard working, very respectable, ashamed of Harry, even perhaps ashamed of her. They had offered her a home among them, but she had refused. She had lived her own life, she hadn't strength enough to begin over and live theirs too. It wasn't strength, though, that she lacked as much as patience. She was strong yet, able to do a day's work along with anybody, but she had no patience. It was all she could do not to take Jessie's head off for the simplest thing.

'Ma!' Jessie called from the landing. 'Ma, come on down.'

'All right', her mother answered at last. She must see this thing through. Tomorrow evening she would be alone. She hoisted herself from her chair and limped toward the door. Tomorrow the dresser top would be clear of perfume bottles and powder boxes, tomorrow night she would have the bed to herself to turn her aching body in as much as she liked. It was more than forty years since she had had a bed to herself to move in as much as she wanted to.

Mrs. Barnhill was at the phone, and she had actually called Larkinville.

'Here they are. Come, Jessie', she cried.

'Fred', Jessie exclaimed tremulously. 'Fred, I wondered if you would mind coming here to get married. My mother ought to be with me—'

'Don't', Mrs. Coombs exclaimed. Jessie was only repeating what Mrs. Barnhill had said. If she made all this fuss maybe Fred wouldn't marry her.

'Mrs. Barnhill says we could get married here', Jessie was saying in a thin uncertain voice. 'Don't you think it would be better? Of course it's awful good of your mother—'

Mrs. Coombs sat down to wait while Mrs. Barnhill prompted Jessie in a hoarse whisper. But Fred was firm. Mrs. Coombs began to admire Fred. When Jessie hung up the receiver she was crying.

'What did he say, honey?' Mrs. Barnhill demanded. 'Why wouldn't he come to please his little bride? I must say—'

'He said ma should come with me. His mother asked ma before, but she said she wouldn't.'

'Then you got to go, Mrs. Coombs. If he won't come here to get married right and proper, you got to go too. You can come back in the afternoon. You got to go, that's all.'

Jessie cried out sharply.

'Ma, you got your feet that way again. Don't for goodness sake.'

Mrs. Coombs rose and started upstairs. When Jessie was gone she could rest her feet any way she wanted to.

'We'll see in the mornin', she said. 'I'm goin' to bed now.'

In the morning she found that Mrs. Barnhill had not, as she had hoped, forgotten. She was indeed more eager than ever to send Mrs. Coombs with Jessie to Larkinville. Mrs. Coombs protested, Mrs. Barnhill went on insisting. Jessie was too much excited to count on either side. At last, just before time to go to the train, Mrs. Coombs gave in.

'I'll go', she said wearily. 'It's foolishness, but I'll go.' She wished that she had had some work for today which would have forestalled the argument. Mrs. Barnhill looked at her suspiciously.

'All right', she said. 'We'll get dressed right quick. I'll go down and see you both off.'

Mrs. Coombs sighed. How had the woman divined her plan to leave Jessie at the station? While she put on her best black skirt she thought that when she was alone she would leave Mrs. Barnhill and get a room somewhere else. She could support herself—she had her regular places where she had waxed and scrubbed and washed windows these fifteen years. It would be easy now that the long journey of her motherhood was ended.

She was one of the women who should never have had children, at least not the children of a man she didn't like. Some women loved their babies so dearly that they could learn to love the father too, but she hadn't been one of them. Her heart had turned back hopelessly, stubbornly, all these years to Arnold who hadn't even known she loved him.

Was she perhaps doing to Jessie what they had done to her—marrying her off to a man she didn't care for? Mrs. Coombs shrugged, pulling on her black cotton gloves. It was too late to go back now. Anyway Jessie seemed fond enough of Fred, she had chosen to marry him, and she was years older than seventeen. Even if she didn't love him, Jessie was the soft, yielding kind who would learn to care for him just to be accommodating. There was something fiercely hard in herself, an iron core that was not in Jessie.

At the station Mrs. Coombs left Mrs. Barnhill with Jessie while she bought the two tickets. Her eyes gleamed as she went back to them. Mrs. Barnhill kissed Jessie over and over and cried. Mrs. Coombs smiled dryly. As the train pulled out she saw Mrs. Barnhill turn away, still wiping her eyes, but with a proud, satisfied look. The woman must care after all or she wouldn't put herself to so much trouble.

'Look here, Jessie', Mrs. Coombs said. 'I can't go all that ways just to come right back again. I just got me a ticket to Montcalm Street.'

Montcalm Street was the first suburban station. 'Ma!' Jessie gasped. 'You ain't comin' then.' Her chin quivered.

'It won't make no difference to you. I just come this far to shut Mrs. Barnhill's mouth.'

'Mrs. Barnhill's awful kind', Jessie defended. 'She gave me a cute green glass sugar bowl and creamer.'

Mrs. Coombs smiled grimly.

'Well, I got a wedding present for you too', she said. 'You can spend it for whatever you want to.'

She put a crumpled envelope into Jessie's hand. It contained nearly all her savings. The gift left her almost penniless but free. It was as if she bought with it her freedom.

'Ma!' Jessie cried. 'Oh ma, I can't take all that. You didn't ought to.' Her face was glowing.

'You can hold up your end with your in-laws', Mrs. Coombs said. 'Good-bye.' She could think of nothing else to say and made as if to rise.

'Oh ma!' Jessie suddenly leaned forward and kissed her dry cheek.

She saw the train pull out and waved her hand to Jessie at the vanishing window. She couldn't believe that she was free of the last. All her children gone, and she had done her duty by every one; her husband gone long ago, and she had done her duty by him too. She was alone as she had been when she was sixteen and never since. Only it was not fair. She was old and aching and tired, and there was nothing left now but working to live and resting to work again.

But that was enough. Even today was her own. She couldn't go home till evening because of Mrs. Barnhill. She would go to Glazer's department store. They had big chairs in the rest room and didn't care how long you sat in them. Mrs. Barnhill never went to Glazer's because she had had a quarrel with their delivery man once over a pierced dime. The whole day. Months, years of her own. She walked slowly toward the street car. She had forgotten Jessie already.



XII ROBERT CHOQUETTE

JUST as England is becoming aware of talent among English-speaking Canadians, so there is evidence that France is now beginning to recognize and accept, albeit with curiosity and surprise, the artist and writer from French Canada. A few, like Paul Morin, are well-known already in Paris.

Doubtless, the Canadian Legation members do their part in advertising the talented Canadian in Europe. Only last year I met a member of the Legation staff on his way back to Paris—a walking encyclopaedia of data about French-Canadian writers. He was particularly enthusiastic over Quebec poets; now and then he would appear suddenly from behind a lifeboat, or during a game of deck tennis, and recite perfectly some strophe from Crémazie, Fréchette, Morin. . . . It was he who told me of mad, exquisite Nelligan, of bed-ridden, but nature-loving Lozeau. And over a *cointreau* after dinner in the smoking-room, he would proclaim Robert Choquette to me, the ship's engines throbbing a soft diapason accompaniment to the young poet's large cadences. Thus, I, who had known Robert Choquette a little distantly for years, came suddenly to learn his poetry.

Nascuntur Poetae, as Henri d'Arles reminds us in a preface to a collection of Robert Choquette's

poems. Our poet was born in the thriving town of Manchester, N.H. At the age of ten, his family moved to Montreal where he has lived ever since. Here, where two races live in more complete harmony and insulation against each other's ideas than in any other bi-lingual city, the young poet spent his adolescence absorbing the essence of two vitally different languages.

He received his French education at the Collège St-Laurent, while his four university years were spent at Loyola in an English *milieu*. Long before he received his Arts degree, his studies in English speech and literature were beginning to influence his poetry and prose in French. Critics began to complain that he was putting the precise, sharp instruments of French idiom and syntax to strange Anglo-Saxon uses. . . .

This Anglo-Saxon influence, while considerably modified in the poet's post-graduate work when he returned, like a prodigal, to his mother tongue, has never left him. The exactness and precision of his beloved language in mind, he envies the English poet that astonishing and liberating elasticity, power of condensation, and, above all, that 'halo' or 'aura' around words with which the Saxon writer can so stir the imagination. 'If I could only transplant some of these qualities into the clear, resonant beauty of French, I should be happy', he confided to me once.

Where does our poet fit in? I find it hard to classify him among French-Canadian writers. Students will recall what I may term the two main schools of French-Canadian poetry. The first was the Quebec group, led by Octave Crémazie in the middle of last century, derived largely from Hugo, Lamartine, and other French Romantics. Its chief characteristics were a heavy preoccupation with the historic and scenic splendours of Canada, in irregular forms, and an ardent patriotism. The Montreal school, favouring classical forms, and of opposite tendencies, reached its heyday at the turn of the century. Descending from the tradition of the Parnassian and Symbolist poets, it produced at least two notable writers—Nelligan and Lozeau whom I have briefly mentioned above.

Doubtless, Robert Choquette owes something to both schools. In his first book, *A Travers les Vents*, published by the now defunct Louis Carrier house, there are evidences of the Romantic influence in the gentle pessimism and autumnal melancholy of some of the poems. *Melancholia*, in this collection, is typical of this sort of thing, but ends characteristically on a note of hope. Physical youth will not be downed, though mental youth cry despair. It is this hope which takes what it can from the Montreal school, in severe forms of considerable beauty, and makes a new compound of romantic and realistic methods. More evident is it in the revised and enlarged edition of *A Travers les Vents*, published in 1926. It was potent enough to cause Henri d'Arles to end a preface in this edition with the words: '... Je découvrais un poète, un poète chez un enfant, et ma pensée s'envola dans un long rêve d'avenir. . . .'

There now followed some years of silence, save for the publication of occasional magazine verse, until his hosts of admirers and his considerable number of readers, enlarged through his radio recitations and lectures, began to fear that his inspir-

ation had become exhausted before he was twenty-one.

This year the silence was broken by the appearance of his new epic poem called *Metropolitan Museum*. The ambitious scope of this remarkable poem, its high plane, its great import to Canadian letters, are well illustrated by the artist Edwin Holgate in a series of fine woodcuts, and are splendidly housed in a book of such excellent typography and format, that the publication reflects as creditably upon its creators as publishers as it throws glory on these two as poet and artist.

Clearly, Robert Choquette has here come into his own. He has forged a style which, though it may remind at times of Hugo, is indubitably Choquette. Here he has achieved a condensation of utterance which he owes to his knowledge of and love for the greatest English poetry. Here he has woven patterns of thought with lines of naïve dignity, appropriate force, and, occasionally, noble music.

Metropolitan Museum is a sort of fresco of civilization drawn from the poet's impressions during a visit to New York's famous museum of archaeology and history.

Soudain ce fut en moi, coeur et chair qui s'éveillent,
Comme un frémissement de feuilles, quand le vent
Brusque d'un long soupir la dormeuse journée.
Je naissais à la Terre, aux Hommes; un ciel clos
Crevait dans ma poitrine enfin illuminée.
L'Humanité-poème, au rythme de sanglots,
Poussière où se transmet la chimère éternelle,
Montait de toutes parts où je posais les yeux,
Animait des échos dans ma chair fraternelle.

Each age tell us, through a changing first personal pronoun, the story of its striving for an ideal, in a new 'Légende des Siècles'. Emotionally, the poet takes us from 'the new man, last son of the primordial slime', to the last phase of history; and then, leaving the Museum, we see in the metropolis itself, the cryptic panorama of the present day. At the end of the poem we are left contemplating the future, at once fearful that our machine will destroy us, and hopeful that with self-mastery, we shall yet conquer new worlds.

It is a distinctly original piece of work, and not a *tour de force*. Its rhythms are dictated from internal sources, its young strength is balanced by deep thought. In short, Robert Choquette has produced one of the finest poems in the annals of Canadian letters.

What strikes one most about Robert Choquette is his intense love of country—not a blatant, surface patriotism, but an affection, deep and strong, for the land of his people. This love has been fostered by his experience as editor of the popular magazine *La Revue Moderne*. Under his zestful direction, the paper took on a new lease of life when he added sound native material to its mawkish contents. Later, as secretary of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, he has been able to develop his love of the arts, and come into contact with the finest brains and hearts of French Canada.

He has learned psychology at the microphone. A thousand letters from every part of his far-flung province have proved that people can be taught to like poetry and that even a poet may have his radio 'fan mail'. Broadcasting has given him a remarkable opportunity of educating his fellow country-

men, especially in the hinterland, to their heritage of poetry, song, and story. Perhaps no radio broadcaster has done more in any country than he has, in this respect. His work over the air has accomplished more than anything else to make the French-Canadian race- and language-conscious. In fact, he has barely touched the strings of a powerful new instrument of cultural propaganda; but he has well demonstrated its finer possibilities.

To sum up, what has this twenty-seven-year-old French-Canadian poet accomplished? Except for an immature novel, *La Pension Leblanc*, his work has mainly been poetical. In 1925 came *A Travers les Vents*, his first collection of poems, to be followed the next year by an enlarged and revised second edition. *Metropolitan Museum* appeared this year, and is still stirring the literary critics to more than usual scansion of its strophes. It ranks him definitely first among French-Canadian poets. Robert Choquette is not without honour in his own province, where art is acknowledged more practically and more generously than anywhere else in Canada. He has earned and won the Willingdon Prize and the David Prize. He has a devoted following throughout Canada. But, like the eternally striving man in his own epic, he is working toward an ideal ever beyond him and ever spurring him on.

And what is this ideal? It may mean much to Canada, as the dreams of poets have meant to other lands. A pale, slight, yet vigorous dark figure, his great eyes, set somewhat close together, roused melancholy fires in their depths as he answered my question. 'I want to make poetry that shall derive inevitably from my own country, that shall express the very spirit of the landscape, the very soul of French Canada. This poetry shall owe nothing to France, it must have an authentic accent of its own. It must help to make our destiny secure.'

Perhaps he was thinking of the words of one of his critics and friends who said of his last poem: '... une petite chose inutile comme celles qui ont préservé d'une mort totale les civilisations passées; une bagatelle enfin qui peut garder notre petit peuple d'être écrasé entre le sol et le poids vertical du temps.'

As he approaches his ideal, it will be as a poet alien to France, writing French superbly well and touched with Saxon, whose works find their way to the plaudits of Paris. To English-Canadians, he is already well-known but un-translated. To French-Canadians, however, Robert Choquette is the youthful crystallization of their Latin force and grace working out their destiny in an Anglo-Saxon New World. . . .

LEO COX





LAWRENCE, MAN AND ARTIST

THE LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE, edited by Aldous Huxley (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxxiv, 893; \$6.00).

D. H. LAWRENCE AND THE BODY MYSTICAL, by Frederick Carter (Denis Archer; pp. 63; 5/-).

THOSE who, knowing the work of D. H. Lawrence, have waited eagerly for the appearance of this volume will not be disappointed; and some, perhaps, who have found his books difficult to get through, and his attitude impossible to accept, may also discover here a man and an artist who at least lived and wrote with a power and a mastery given to few among his contemporaries. In the short passage that Mr. Huxley allows himself for reference to his own impressions of Lawrence during the five years of their friendship, he notes:

He is one of the few people I feel real respect and admiration for. Of most other eminent people I have met I feel that at any rate I belong to the same species as they do. But this man has something different and superior in kind, not degree. . . . A being, somehow, of another order, more sensitive, more highly conscious, more capable of feeling than even the most gifted of common men.

The letters published here cover the whole period of Lawrence's career as a writer. They begin in December, 1909, with his letter to Heinemann, offering him the manuscript of his first novel, and continue until a few days before his death on March 2nd, 1930, one of the last notes being concerned with arrangements for a fresh publisher in America. And in focusing our attention thus on the writer, they serve excellently to correct the false impression always provided by obituary notices and biographical studies. This adjustment is admirably completed by Mr. Huxley's perfect introduction. No essay could have been more appropriate for the purpose of this volume; and indeed no one else among Lawrence's friends could have edited the letters so well. There is only one omission—no explanation is given why none of Lawrence's letters to his wife are included; but they will perhaps appear later in the book she is said to be writing herself. The selection, the biographical note, even the index—everything has been prepared with admirable discretion. Throughout his task he has remained detached, maintaining a certain distance, which one imagines characterized this most satisfactory of Lawrence's later friendships. Lawrence was to him neither a saint, nor a devil; neither a psychological problem to be solved, nor a cause to be defended. He was a fellow artist.

It is impossible (he says) to write about Lawrence except as an artist. He was an artist first of all, and the fact of his being an artist explains a life, which seems, if you forget it, inexplicably strange. In *Son of Woman*, Mr. Middleton Murry has written at great length about Lawrence but about a Lawrence whom you would never suspect, from reading that curious essay in destructive hagiography, of being an artist. For Mr. Murry almost completely ignores the fact that his subject—his victim, I had almost said—was one whom 'the fates had stigmatized writer'.

This is of course no new discovery, to be made only after reading these letters. It should have been clear to everyone who has read his novels and his poetry. He is not, I think, one of those who reveal themselves best, certainly not one of those whose art is at its best, in letters. There are some excellent letters here, but Lawrence's best prose is not to be found in this volume. We do find here, however, a further confirmation, a further revelation even, of his gifts—not only of those that issued in artistic achievement, but of those that challenged him to that intense struggle 'to create'—as he says in an early letter to Lady Ottoline Morrell—'the work of art, the living man, achieve that piece of supreme art, a man's life'.

In both, in his art and in his life, we are made aware again through these letters of restless movement, of vital forces constantly at play, of the surge and flow of intense passion through a delicate and sensitive being. Here is a man who, because of his extreme sensitiveness and range of feeling, is always moving as it were on the frontiers of human experience, where most of us venture but rarely to return hurriedly to the ease and comfort of the commonplace. It is not that he is different, or lacking in common humanity—he is not a saint, nor a high-brow, nor abnormal. Blake is too spiritual for him, Dostoevsky's people are all 'fallen angels . . . theological or religious units', he is bored by James Joyce—'too terribly would-be and done-on-purpose, utterly without spontaneity or real life'. Nothing annoys him more than to be treated as a special sort of animal with a sixth sense.

After all, it is common humanity that he is always concerned with, and those experiences that are most universal and most essential. He likes to live in the open, he loves the sun and the sea; he writes of trees and flowers, birds and beasts, and of the human body. He knows intimately the life of English miners, and of the farms of the Midlands; he loves to translate the Sicilian stories of Giovanni Verga, whom he finds 'extraordinarily good—peasant—quite modern—Homeric'; he takes the manuscript of an Australian girl and rewrites the book for her, because 'though without form, like the world before creation, there is real quality in these scenes'. Wherever there is life, he can be content, and gay and gentle and full of fun. Look at that superb letter, for instance, full of fantastic gaiety written to Willard Johnson, who had sent him a copy of an American periodical, *The Laughing Horse*. It was only 'a wooden little Laughing Horse, sliding down from the blue air of the Rockies, riding on his hobby stick like a rocket, summoning me to mount and away.' But what a ride, a ride on a laughing horse, a blue stallion.

What does the Centaur stand for? . . . Sense, Good Sense, Sound Sense, Horse Sense. And then, a laugh, a loud, sensible Horse Laugh. After that, those same passions, glossy and dangerous in the flanks. And after these again, hoofs, irresistible, splintering hoofs, that can kick the walls of the world down.

He once played with the idea of launching a little periodical, to be full of squibs and crackers, little explosions of mirth and laughter at follies and pompous absurdities—not a *London Mercury* nor an *Adelphi*!

I don't take myself seriously (he says in a lively letter to Middleton Murry) except between 8.0 and 10.0 a.m., and at the stroke of midnight. At other seasons, my say, like any butterfly, may settle where it likes: on the lily of the field or the horsetail in the road: or nowhere. It has departed from me.

And he advises Murry to throw the *Adelphi* to the devil, and his own say after it, and say goodbye to J.M.M., Filius Meus, etc. 'You've perhaps got J.M.M. on the brain even more seriously than J.C.'

And yet in spite of all this, because of the passionate thirst for life that possessed him, Lawrence could never find rest in his 'savage pilgrimage'. In his life and in his art he was always a rebel. Very soon after the beginning of his literary career he found himself in the midst of a world maddened by the stupidity of a meaningless war—poor, misunderstood by all but a few friends, his work banned by the censor, himself hounded by the military authorities. As an artist, too, who was really incapable of compromise, he found himself alienating some of his friends, and frightening the more conventional section of the public. But possibly under any circumstances he would have felt cut off, alone, and would have suffered for it. He confesses in a very interesting letter to Dr. Trigant Burrow, a psychologist, that he 'feels forced to be essentially a hermit', and that he was harmed by the repression of the societal man in him. And this perhaps was not merely the result of that intrinsic detachment of the artist, which Mr. Huxley rightly emphasizes; it had perhaps something to do with that passion of the mystic for identification with the Whole, which always produces an impatience and dissatisfaction with any narrower fellowship. At any rate, he seems to have turned away more and more from ordinary society, to have given up his plans for founding a small community, and to have accepted his isolation, sitting alone in some corner in the sun. And at the same time he became, as Mr. Carter's essay shows, more preoccupied with the idea of the Mystical Body. They first met in 1924, and discussed Astrology and other kindred subjects, and again, only two months before Lawrence's death, Mr. Carter visited him to discuss some of the problems that concerned them both in their writings about the Apocalypse. 'The sense of an ecstasy of companionship held him. . . . A communion was what he wanted and one which would draw in all people—all life indeed. With every creature he cried out to exchange, to give and take. Yet withal keeping himself jealously.' That was what made him, I think, so contemptuous of all existing social and political experiments, and led him to idealize, in the *Plumed Serpent*, the hero and leader of men (though he recants fully in a letter of March, 1928) and the primitive communal feeling in an Indian tribe. As for Fascist or Marxist theories, they seemed to him alike dead: 'I get more revolutionary every minute, but for life's sake. The dead materialism of Marx socialism and soviets seems to me no better than what we've got. What we want is life and trust; men trusting men, and making living a free thing, not a thing to be earned.'

H. J. DAVIS

THE CANADIAN FORUM, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

THE MONEY SURFACE

THIS MONEY MAZE, by Robert Eisler (Search Publishing Co.; pp. 116; 1/-).

THE VALUE OF MONEY, by Tjardus Greidanus (P. S. King; pp. 357; 15/-).

THE second of these two books is an academic treatise on the theory of money in which Mr. Greidanus approaches his central problem, the formulation of a theory of the value of money, with a review of the development of monetary theory through the ages. It contains a summary and a criticism of the writings of the principal monetary theorists of Europe and the United States, including a very penetrating treatment of the ideas developed by John Keynes in his recent treatise on money. The second part of the book discusses the author's own 'yield theory' of the value of money, in which he attempts to apply the neo-classical concept of marginal utility (it has been done before) to the study of money.

An extended discussion of this work could not be attempted in these columns. It must suffice to recommend it as a very useful piece of work. Its deliberate exclusion of the problems of fluctuating money values make it less relevant to immediate issues. With Dr. Eisler's book the case is different. He is of a type of pamphleteer which is enjoying a considerable vogue at the moment. As the forces of the depression move on from one phase of crisis to the next, the army of the monetary manipulators increases even more rapidly than that of the unemployed. Dr. Eisler, bringing the latest of the gospels of economic salvation, must now be added to their number. He finds a place alongside the devotees of Major Douglas and his credit theories, in the company of the Monetary Reform League (Ottawa), the Commonwealth Movement (Toronto), the Bimetallists (Parliament Hill) and the rest of them. The reason for the popularity of these economic doctrines is not hard to find. Faced with the unfamiliar paradox of a society in which periodic want and poverty are seen against a background of 'overproduction' it is an understandable process of deduction to argue that the scarcity of money is the trouble. In a world in which people sell their goods and labour for money (as contrasted with barter) it seems to many that some form of mechanism is required to ensure that consumption may be kept geared to the accelerating pace of production. The absence of this correlation is traced by some to the peculiar characteristic of money-debts, which increase at compound interest until the debt is greater than the product; others, like Dr. Eisler trace the origin to deflationary movements engendered by a variety of accidental forces. Whatever it is, societies are founded, schools are set up, and books and pamphlets are turned out to point the advantages of the particular type of money which alone is considered appropriate. And as D. H. Robertson once described the phenomenon: 'In the back streets of London suburbs and northern industrial towns, on the plains of India and the prairies of the Middle West, those who have Found the Light about Money take up their pens and write, with a conviction, a persistence, and a devotion otherwise only found among the disciples of a new religion.'

With those who argue the need for a policy of

credit expansion for inflationary purposes at this juncture there can be little dispute. But the monetary cranks referred to (and Dr. Eisler is among them) hold to the opinion that their proposed mechanism must be permanently operative. *The Money Maze* offers a 'way out of the economic world crisis' of course—but equally offers an end to depressions for ever.

In its present form (it first achieved popularity apparently in continental Europe), the scheme is held to be appropriate for introduction by the countries of the British Commonwealth as an experiment in world monetary cooperation. After the defeat of much less ambitious proposals in the field of Imperial banking at Ottawa this summer one is justified in expressing doubts at this point.

But consider the scheme. Quite briefly, Dr. Eisler is anxious to remove the depressing consequences of falling prices which, in a society where so many incomes are contractually fixed, has a paralysing effect on the production machine. He wants prices to rise in order that the entrepreneur shall once more obtain a margin of profit from the difference between costs and prices. Without this profit he naturally, under capitalism, will not perform his economic function. But the inflation which some people are preaching is considered to be (a) criminal—it wipes out whole economic classes and causes social unrest (remember Dr. Eisler is an Austrian); (b) dangerous to the export trade—the counterbalancing advantage of a depreciating foreign exchange is ruled out.

What is wanted, therefore, is the creation of new money by the state at regular intervals for the prosecution of desirable public works or for balancing budgets, the increase to be proportionate to the circulation of the previous year, and synchronised with the expansion in other countries which elect to enter the scheme. Prices of goods will, of course, rise under this warming influence, but no damage will ensue to export trade because the external exchanges will be pegged by the well known technique of stabilization audits.

To avoid the social and economic disequilibria which a rising price level will otherwise engender, the scheme involves the adoption of two forms of money. One issue is to be called current money and is to be used for small purchases and spent quickly (since its value will be steadily falling). The other issue, of bank money, is to fulfil the function of the standard of value and will be an abstract pound or dollar used in accounts at banks, and in business contracts. This money remains the same in value but changes in nominal amount in accordance with changes in its purchase-power as ascertained by means of index numbers. As its author remarks, under this scheme 'all prices in the better class shops will be marked in money *banco*, the index multiplier of the week being affixed at the cashier's desk, who will calculate by means of simple multiplication tables published by the Sunday papers the sums due in "current money".' But of course, it isn't all as simple as his multiplication tables in the better-class shops.

How is the entrepreneur to benefit from the stimulus of rising prices if his costs rise automatically? How is a country's balance of payments to be kept in equilibrium if you remove the corrective device of depreciating exchanges and falling prices?

Of course the money mechanism presents a problem, and the need for a cure to economic instability exists. But the explanation of it all goes much deeper than the money cranks are willing to admit. How will monetary manipulation help to ameliorate or prevent the excesses of seasonal or technological unemployment in Canada, raise wages, avoid the development of an unbalanced economy, and so forth? To answer these questions requires an examination of the whole body of our social order, and not only of its monetary surface.

However, the money cranks will be with us for a long time yet. Dr. Eisler has presented his scheme before the British Parliamentary Association in the House of Commons and may well appear, as the logical successor to Major Douglas, before the Banking Committee at Ottawa on the occasion of the decennial revision of the Bank Act.

J. F. PARKINSON

JOHN REDMOND

THE LIFE OF JOHN REDMOND, by Denis Gwynn (Harrap & Co.; pp. 611, illustrated; \$7.50).

ANY study of John Redmond and his times will inevitably deal more fully with the times than with John Redmond. This is not necessarily a disparagement of the central figure of this biography. It is simply a recognition of the fact that John Redmond was important because of the events in which he played a part rather than because of any unique qualities of personality. To some extent he helped to determine the nature and outcome of such events, but even then it is doubtful whether, taken purely as an individual he would merit a volume so detailed and comprehensive as this study by Mr. Gwynn. His importance lies rather in the fact that he embodied in his person the cause of Irish nationality at a time when its fortunes were at a critical stage—critical not only for Ireland, but for England and the whole world as well.

This in itself is something of a tribute to Redmond's qualities. The split over Parnell had left the Nationalist cause in a state of collapse. It is something to wonder at that it did not either disintegrate entirely or degenerate into a new movement of revolutionary violence. Such developments were prevented by a combination of factors—the political education of Ireland by Parnell, the operation of the concessions won from Gladstone, the Tory efforts to kill Home Rule with kindness. Lacking these, it is doubtful whether Redmond would have been strong enough to revive an effective parliamentary movement. As it was, the breathing space enabled him eventually to close the breach in the ranks of the party, and to make it once more a compact and effective force in the House of Commons.

It was not a party such as it had been under Parnell. The obstructive tactics, the violence of opposition, the deliberate attempt to wreck the procedure of the House of Commons, were all alien to Redmond's temperament. He preferred a course which combined a willingness to cooperate in Parliamentary affairs with a readiness to seize any tactical advantages which might be offered to a minority party which should find itself holding the balance of power. When this situation arose, he used it with firmness and skill. The result was the

Parliament Act, followed by the Third Home Rule Bill—and the goal which Parnell had failed to reach seemed at length to be attained.

It was Ulster who dashed the cup of fulfilment from the lips of Ireland, and crowned Redmond's career with tragedy and failure instead of the triumphant success which seemed within his grasp. The activities of Carson and the Unionists placed him in a cruel dilemma. He strove, as always, for conciliation. He looked with commendable horror on the idea of a resort to force in order to carry his aims. And he rightfully feared the martyrdom which might be attendant on coercion, and the irreconcilable breach between the two Irelands which would inevitably result.

Unfortunately, the renunciation of coercion left him and the Liberal government with no effective alternative. It meant that he continued to depend on a Parliamentary solution when the whole Parliamentary system had broken down. The working of that system depends on the willingness of all parties to abide by such decisions as have been reached by Parliamentary methods. When any one party refuses to abide by the rules of the game and appeals to the brutality of force, anarchy results, and only force can bring a clear-cut decision.

That was the crime of the Tory Unionists. The reckless brutality of the utterances of such men as Carson, Smith, and Bonar Law is still a shock to any reader with a sense of decency and order. It never seemed to cross their minds that they were striking at the very root of civil government. It never occurred to them that the rights which they were determined to maintain by armed force were the rights which had been denied for five centuries to the rest of Ireland. And they never saw—and would not admit even now—that their attitude delivered Ireland into the hands of Sinn Féin; into the hands of the party which recognized what Redmond would not admit—that in the face of the Unionist attitude a Parliamentary solution was no longer possible, and only force remained.

What would have happened if the war had not come when it did is a momentous question to which no dogmatic answer is possible. But the war allowed the harassed Liberals to postpone the issue, and by that postponement to surrender in effect to Ulster and to destroy the last of Redmond's influence for peace. They were aided by Redmond's promise of Irish support in the war. It was a fine and generous gesture, but it threw away his best weapon, and meant that the government inevitably surrendered to the people who still threatened trouble and threw over the allies who only offered loyalty. They abandoned with a sigh of relief all efforts at a constructive solution of the Irish problem; and when this passivity drifted on into a policy of petty and mischievous aggravation, through the recruiting campaign to the shootings after the Easter rebellion and the failure of still further efforts at compromise, it completed the destruction of Redmond's influence and left the party of violence supreme.

It is a tragic story of one of the most appealing figures in the political life of his day. From this book—a sincere and carefully documented study, clear in style and well-balanced in arrangement—Redmond emerges as a man who combined adroitness with firmness, and an endless fund of patience

with an unshaken faith in the power of fairness and conciliation to settle human problems. His failure was in some respects a failure of personality; but it came less from weakness than from an excess of those qualities of kindness and generosity which counted for nothing in the stern and ruthless crisis with which he had to deal.

EDGAR MCINNIS

A NEW SOCRATIC

EUPALINOS, by Paul Valéry; translated by W. McC. Stewart (Oxford University Press; pp. xii, 96; \$2.50).

FEW authors are more difficult to translate than Paul Valéry, either in his verse or in his prose. His expression is markedly individual, yet essentially French. When one approaches the task of translation, the very ideas seem so impregnated with the history of the French words and language, that they lose their identity and take on a totally different personality when expatriated. Nor is this surprising in a man who claims to discover national styles even in Algebra.

Mr. Stewart therefore deserves infinite credit for this translation, unusually faithful both to the thought and spirit of the original. His style attains the same deceptive ease and simplicity, with the same slight strangeness and surprise that mark out Valéry's prose from the mass of merely competent writing, and keep the mind alert when it is in danger of being lulled into a too facile acquiescence.

The exact position of Valéry is still hotly disputed, but there is no doubt of his eminence as a man of letters. It would not be a very daring prophecy to say that he will be remembered for himself when Gide and Maurras are merely names in literary history, though his verse seems more likely to bear the weight of immortality than his prose.

For one thing, the verse is frankly difficult, and challenges comprehension and appreciation of its elaborate and intricate musical quality by this very difficulty; the prose has a deceptive clarity that tempts a light and fluent reading, without insistence on the implications of the thought. It is doubtful whether the form of the Platonic dialogue has ever again been better handled than in the two short dialogues, one of which is translated here.

Eupalinos recaptures the apparently desultory and conversational variety of subject, the urbanity of tone, the approach through common things to original reflection on really serious and philosophic topics. It takes the form of a conversation, contemporary with ourselves, between the shade of Socrates and the shade of Phaedrus. Memories of life lead Phaedrus to an account of the work and theories of a friend of his, an architect, and Socrates, as is his habit, enquires into the meaning and essence of architecture. Its preeminence among the 'material' arts, and its affinity with music, are subtly traced and finely expressed. It prepares 'a matchless instrument for the light, which is to redistribute it, endowed with intelligible forms and almost musical properties, into the space where mortals move'. This same thing, 'the being inside the work of man as fishes are in the sea, the being entirely bathed by it, living in it and belonging to it', is also characteristic of music, in which 'an intelligible and changing

space is substituted for primitive space . . . a mobile edifice, incessantly renewed and reconstructed within itself, and entirely dedicated to the transformations of a soul that we might call the soul of extension'.

SOCRATES. All that mobility forms then, as it were, a solid. It seems to exist in itself, like a temple built about your soul; you can go out and away from it; you can go in again by another door.

PHAEDRUS. That is so. And I should even say that one never goes in again by the same door.

SOCRATES. There are then two arts which enclose man in man, or rather which enclose the being in its work, and the soul in its acts and in the production of its acts, as our body of yore was entirely enclosed in the creations of its eye, and surrounded with sight. By means of two arts, it wraps itself up, in two different ways, in their inner laws and wills, which are figured forth in one material or another, stone or air.

PHAEDRUS. I well see that Music and Architecture have each of them this profound relationship with us.

SOCRATES. Both occupy the totality of one sense. We escape from the one by an inner severance; from the other only by movements. And each of them fills our knowledge and our space with artificial truths, and with objects essentially human.

But it is on architecture that the main emphasis continues to be placed. The argument about the superiority of 'construction' assumes, without a shadow of proof, that there is some superior virtue in constructing with material things, and gradually it becomes clear that the deciding factor which colours Socrates' reasonings is his nostalgia for the bodily life of the upper earth. Here we touch the core of the whole matter. Valéry remains a poet, even when writing prose, and he is approaching here, in a poetic and metaphorical fashion, a central dilemma of that self-consciousness in which his verse is so intensely absorbed.

It is the old quarrel between the life of activity and the life of speculation, the never completely banished longing of the contemplative for the active life. Plato and Aristotle solved it, or rather abandoned it, by holding with a sort of religious faith to their conviction that in spite of all challenges, the contemplative life is best, as characteristic of the best part of the soul, which is the best part of the man; the active life is an unfortunate necessity, consequent on the fact that, after all, we have bodies, whose claims must be recognized; we cannot live as if we were pure spirits.

They are the fine flower of a leisured and aristocratic culture; Valéry betrays the subtle poison of a bourgeois, materialistic civilization, and the fevered reaction against it. No contemporary writer has given himself more finely to the pure life of the abstract intelligence; even poetry was abandoned for mathematics during a long period of his career. The pleasures he has known in the life of speculation are the purest, the most intense of all possible pleasures, as his verse bears powerful witness: but they are not wholly satisfactory, and he tends to seek relief in extremes rather than in the mean that the Greeks sought.

Many of the shorter poems, and most of the longer ones, are richly decorated musings on the arduous pleasures of pure thought, but in the *Cimetièrre Marin*, in some ways his crowning work, the exhaustion and vertigo of this effort ends with the desperate, half-defeated, half-triumphant resolution: '*Il faut tenter de vivre.*' It is not without significance that the eloquent defence of the life of

activity in *Eupalinos* is put into the mouth of Socrates among the shadows of the underworld, where no choice is left except the life of speculation. The helpless longing of Socrates after a life of now impossible activity, is Valéry's own occasional regret and resentment against the fate that forbade him to make the clear-cut, definite, and amazing decision of Rimbaud.

L. A. MACKAY

HITCH-HIKER SUBLIME

FRANK HARRIS, by Hugh Kingsmill (Cape—Nelson; pp. 254; \$2.50).

NOW why should anybody write a book about Frank Harris? If any man in this world ever exploited himself, it was this outrageous gatherer of crumbs from rich men's tables. He loved to write about the Great, from Jesus Christ to Bernard Shaw, but greater than any of them was Frank Harris and every 'portrait' he ever did was a portrait of the artist belittling the sitter. He snorted at Bernard Shaw for having kept his virginity until he was 29; 'Christ', he said, 'goes deeper than I do, but I have had a wider experience.' Isn't there enough in print about this terrible Frank Harris? In addition to his own revelations, he has turned up as a character in all sorts of novels, from *The Diary of a Nobody* to *The Gay-Donbays*.

Yet there is room for an entertaining book like Kingsmill's. It is an amiable commentary on Harris's innumerable autobiographies. Hugh Kingsmill has called the blackguard's bluff. No, perhaps that is putting it a little strongly, because it is a long time since anyone has taken him seriously, and he never did really get very far, except with earnest young men like Middleton Murry and Kingsmill himself, young idealists in the days before the war who sympathized with Harris as an outraged prophet. And Kingsmill is good-humoured about it. There may be a trace of chagrin at having been taken in by the boulder, but there is affection, and in no sense do we feel that the book was written in revenge, as was, for instance, *My Arnold Bennett*. Of course no one could expect a male to be as diabolic as a woman scorned. But apparently Kingsmill has no reason to hold a grudge against Harris; he has learned to see through him and 'enjoy him as a comedy'. With a pleasant irony, with urbane understatement, he indicates Harris contradicting himself and differing with the truth; deftly he suggests the pinch of salt. Now and again he makes some such remark as: 'A comparison of the two accounts strengthens the conviction that the autobiography should be read rather as a revelation of character than as a storehouse of facts'; and 'Half of Wilde's charm was in his humour, a quality which Harris, through observing its effect on others, valued so highly that he would from time to time explore for it in himself, returning with curious samples, anything but exhilarating'; or 'His nature was too mixed for him to trust his instinct: he did not grasp a problem or a situation intuitively, but studied it with his intelligence, like a colour-blind chameleon arriving at the colour of a patch by hard thought, and turning purple on green, or scarlet on yellow, or orange on mauve.' But for the most, he politely offers Harris the rope to hang himself.

And after all, who could resist writing a book

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about Frank Harris? Whatever he was—charlatan, liar (and what a liar!), parasite, blackmailer, bully, seducer of girls, the whole gamut of section 949 of Roget's Thesaurus, beginning 'bad man', if you like—he was glorious copy. He was born in 1855, 1856, and probably 1852, in both Wales and Ireland; in his boyhood, he ran away to America and became among other things a cowboy; returned to Europe ('Harris travelling westwards across the Pacific and Harris travelling eastwards across the Atlantic met again in Paris') to turn respectable English Tory papers into yellow journals and sponsor a Bernard Shaw and an H. G. Wells, to put himself up as a Conservative candidate for the House of Commons and nurse a dark ambition to blow poor old Mr. Gladstone to smithereens in the midst of his windy pieties. He published pictures of naked ladies in his *Life and Loves* and tried to win the scandalized readers of *Hearth and Home* by such sentiments as: 'Gradually but surely the King and Queen are winning to popularity.' What a man! In his long life, devouring vanity and ambition gave him never a moment's rest. When he failed as England's Bismarck and as an anarchist, he turned to literature. When he failed as a new Goethe or a new Shakespeare, he tried to beat his way into immortality by other means. In the Great American Scene, the hitch-hiker, standing at the side of the road with his thumb thrust out in the direction he wants to go as a hint to passing motorists, has become almost a symbolic figure. Frank Harris on his way to immortality was the sublime hitch-hiker. But Frank Harris did more than stand patiently with his thumb pointed. He invited himself into the cars of the Great with a pistol. And as soon as he began to suspect that the Great looked as if they might suffer a puncture before they reached the pearly gates, he would jump out with disgust and vituperation and hold up another Great Man.

Well, he's dead now, and perhaps he finds himself safely in Paradise, patronizing his old friend Wilde with the superiority of a few more years in the world, and telling Jesus and Shakespeare that any place they may have among men today they owe to Frank Harris, himself despised and rejected.

ROBERT AYRE

HEY FOR THE WEDDING

CHEERFUL WEATHER FOR THE WEDDING, by Julia Strachey (Hogarth; pp. 119; 5/-).

THIS is one of the most amusing books in a long time. Imagine an Aldous Huxley short story in which his terrible seriousness is replaced by a trim accuracy and faintly malicious amusement that recall Jane Austen, with more than a touch of David Garnett's minutely interested, but almost callously inhuman, detachment.

It is a picture of half a day in Mrs. Thatcham's house in the country; from five minutes past nine of a cold and windy March morning till the guests dispersed after the two o'clock wedding of Mrs. Thatcham's eldest daughter, Dolly, who was twenty-three years old, to the Hon. Owen Bigham. He was eight years older than she was, and in the Diplomatic Service.

Mrs. Thatcham was a middle-class widow; the bride was given away by cousin Bob, whose full title was Canon Dakin. The house was full of

cousins and friends, including a young lecturer in Anthropology, a discarded admirer of the bride, who felt rather keenly, in a muddled fashion, about it all.

The general effect of the book is this: it is as if a friend with an unusual gift for letter-writing had written us an unusually long letter about the wedding of a relative whose whole family and circle aroused in her more amusement than affection. There is just that touch of intimate acquaintance between the writer and the people described, and understood community of taste and outlook between the writer and the reader.

A surprisingly large number of characters appear. Each of them is briefly presented, but so vividly and economically that by the end of the book we have the impression of complete acquaintance with a great variety of quite decent but rather ridiculous people. There are no attempts at intricate psychological description—the whole tone is coolly objective. We see all the characters from outside as if we were unseen guests moving about among them; it is in fact, almost a dramatic presentation.

The style has in general a short, crisp, ironic movement. The descriptions display the modern tendency towards surprising and unusual comparisons, but they are always extremely apt, careful, and illuminating. They are quite self-conscious bits of fine writing in themselves, but they are always relevant, always add something considerable to our comprehension of the person or the situation.

This is Miss Strachey's first published novel. It promises excellent things for the future; but if she never wrote anything else, it would still remain a book well worth having, for anyone who can appreciate dry wit and fine writing.

L. A. MACKAY

THE INDIVIDUAL vs. THE CITIZEN

EDUCATION AND THE SOCIAL ORDER, by Bertrand Russell (Allen & Unwin—Nelson; pp. 254; \$2.50).

WHATEVER Bertrand Russell writes is interesting and makes stimulating reading. But it must be confessed that, since his main preoccupation became the education of his own children, his thoughts about life in general have ceased to be particularly original or profound. The mathematician who wrought such upheavals in the realms of philosophy has become today simply the shrewd sceptical observer of the passing world. This book is full of good sayings and penetrating observations. On patriotism: 'The British flag suggests to a Briton Nelson and Trafalgar, not Shakespeare or Newton or Darwin.' On competition: 'It is a mistake to regard the belief in competition as due to Darwinism; it was Darwinism that was due to belief in competition.' On raising the school age: 'In England the obstacle to raising the school age is not economic but theological; the sects cannot agree as to the brand of superstition with which boys and girls shall be sent out into the world.' But it is not the book of an educationist who feels that he has a message with which to regenerate society.

His problem is that of the individual versus the citizen, whether education should aim primarily at

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producing the free individual or the good citizen. He admits that in our modern world, where the interdependence of individuals within the social structure becomes every day more important, the educationist must train young people in habits of cooperation. But the ordinary citizen who wishes to cooperate will only look about for some ready-made purpose with which to cooperate; and a society of such citizens will slowly atrophy. Only men of wide individual culture are capable of appreciating what individual culture has to offer to citizenship. And unfortunately in this modern world, dominated as it is by the necessity for organization and management, the men who determine the standards of the social order tend more and more to be men of the executive and administrative temperament who do not appreciate individual originality. Here Mr. Russell finds an insoluble difficulty. It is significant of the depressing effect of our present social perplexities that the danger to individualism which alarms him does not call out in him any such passionate enthusiasm as it aroused in John Stuart Mill when he defended Liberty seventy years ago.

Mr. Russell is oppressed by the sense of frustration which has made all modern educators unhappy if they are sensitive to their social responsibilities. The fact is that we live in a social order in which it is impossible any longer for an intelligent man to believe. What is an educator to do in these circumstances? Communism, Mr. Russell thinks, offers an alternative society in which possibly a youth can grow up into a happy and active adult life. But he has his reservations. He does not believe in the dogmatic attitude of the communist which is the opposite of the scientific spirit. Communist education is too much like American education; the pupil is not considered for his own sake but as a recruit, the state places its own interests before the interests of the child.

On the whole this is a depressing book. The sceptical, intellectually curious, detached individual is in for an unhappy time in our tortured generation.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

DEMOS RULED OR RULER

DEMOCRACY AND RELIGION, by T. R. Glover (Josiah Wood Lectures, 1930; Ryerson Press; pp. 108; \$1.25).

EVERYTHING that Dr. Glover writes commands attention, and these three lectures on Democracy and Religion are particularly opportune at a moment when democracy is experiencing its severest trial, if not (on this continent) almost on its last legs.

The first lecture—'Demos'—gives an account of the rise of democracy in the Greek City States, and traces its decline through the ignorance and carelessness of the individual citizen. 'The state was ruled by men who were ignorant, and satisfied to be ignorant, of many things necessary to be known . . . everyday knowledge of the real world was more urgent, and ignorance more fatal; and the democrat chose to ignore.' 'And the end of unthinking democracy was, as Plato foretold, despotism.'

Dr. Glover raises one interesting question in this lecture which he does not pursue, namely, the influence of women on the general situation. But he has no very great opinion of the affect of their en-

franchisement in our own time. 'Our experience so far does not suggest that the enfranchisement of women has in any country raised political standards. . . . Few women have the range of knowledge or interest required in politics . . . and those who have it seem often to make their decisions on other grounds.' If women did nothing to help matters, neither did religion. It had 'the minimum of relation to moral, intellectual or spiritual development', and was confined to the uneducated.

In the second lecture—'Christendom'—Dr. Glover shows how 'Christianity began with the old Greek emphasis on the individual raised to a higher point than ever before.' Jesus 'proclaimed the greatest paradox in the history of thought' when he said that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. The great question is, is his estimate of a man true for earth? So far as Christianity is concerned, in spite of the developing organization of the church and the increasing centralization of authority, the individual has never entirely been submerged. The Renaissance and the Reformation, the Puritan movement also, were assertions of individualism, and the democracies of America and France derive from the latter. To sum up, Christ and Pericles 'put the same ideal—the citizen, reflective, wide of outlook, and dedicated. . . . What is done by religion is to hold up to men this ideal character raised to a higher point, and to supply motive.'

The last lecture deals with 'Today and Tomorrow', and in it Dr. Glover ventures to generalize upon the modern situation. The problem today is to maintain the right of the individual against the state. It is getting harder all the time for the individual to make his will effective in government. And the average man doesn't care. Women are not helping greatly—they 'tend to identify political with domestic morality'. Trade unions meddle in politics with no national outlook. The civil service prefers adequacy to genius, and industrial organization is not all to the benefit of the organized. Above all, there is 'the accelerating standardization of opinion, and what is worse, of mind'. There is a choice before us 'between a redeemed democracy and despotism of some kind, the Italian or the Russian'. Democracy demands the disciplined mind, and the fullest consecration to national welfare. F. J. MOORE

CONTRIBUTORS

F. CLARKE is Professor of Education at McGill University.

LEO COX is a poet in his own right besides being a prominent figure in Montreal shipping and advertizing circles. He has also been elected to high office in the C.A.A., but that should not be held against him.

M. D. veils the identity of yet another Montrealer.

H. A. INNES, Professor of Economics at the University of Toronto, is well known for his books on the Fur Trade.

VICTOR LANGE, a native of Germany, came to the University of Toronto two years ago on a Davis Exchange Studentship. He was this year appointed to an instructorship in the Department of German at University College.

HOWE MARTIN regrets to state that she 'isn't a professor of anything' and 'hasn't managed to publish a book yet'. But she lives in Nova Scotia and that is surely a sufficient glory in itself.

SHORT NOTICES

THE Fortress, by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. viii, 585; \$2.50).

Spasm three of the Herries chronicles. Judith Paris goes on to one hundred years and five hundred and eighty-four pages. The Herries family increases in prominence, multiplies and ages with alarming rapidity. Like its predecessors, *The Fortress* is a hodge-podge of social history, with the descendants of the redoubtable Rogue poking their fingers into every political and literary pie. Miss Martineau comes to tea with her ear-trumpet, Adam Paris writes for Mr. Dickens' journal. Mr. Walpole's prodigious conscience will permit of no omission. His novel is rather terribly like that which he makes Judith contemplate.

'Why do you not write a book about England?' (she asks her son).

'How would you do it, Mother?'
'Oh, I would put in everything—men sowing the fields, the horses ploughing, old ladies selling sweets in the village shop, Mr. Disraeli with his oily hair and Mr. Gladstone with his collar, Horace's Manchester chimneys, all the Herries thinking they've made England, my father riding up Borrowdale, the apple pudding I had at dinner, sheep on a hill, the man lighting the lamps in Hill Street.'

It is all there, even to the apple pudding—a confusion of detail, with the most shadowy and inadequate of themes. The characters are characterless. Even Judith herself remains static, changing only her clothes with the years. As for the innumerable Herries who crowd the pages, they are puppets, noteworthy only through their vague connection with national events. It is all incredibly wearisome, but the end is at hand, for we are informed in a note that: 'It is hoped that the fourth and final volume of the Herries chronicles, entitled *Vanessa*, will be published in the autumn of 1933.'

M. A. C.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA: A PROBLEM OF POLITICS, by Sir John A. R. Marriott (Oxford University Press; pp. x, 322; \$3.75).

Like all Sir John Marriott's writings on politics and history this volume presents a clear, well-arranged, and competent survey of the subject with which he deals. If you accept generally the English conception of their rôle in India, you will seek a long time before finding a better presentation of the history of that great Imperial experiment from 1600 to the present day. But since most readers are now fairly well aware of the criticisms which

have been passed upon English rule by Indian nationalists, they are apt to find this book somewhat naïve. Like a good Tory, Sir John is a bit doubtful whether he should praise such Governors as Bentinck and Ripon; he has no doubts about the great conquerors and organizers such as Wellesley and Dalhousie. Dealing with the Mutiny he gives us the horrible details of the Cawnpore massacre and such atrocities but says nothing of the barbarities with which the English revenged themselves. When he comes to modern times he includes with appropriate moral condemnation most of the more notorious murders of English officials with which the record of Indian nationalism is stained. But the Amritsar affair is reported as follows: 'a very formidable rising was quelled by the drastic action taken by General Dyer. The Amritsar incident has been very variously judged; it was (in Carlyle's phrase) no "rose-water surgery", but it may be that, though it cost hundreds of lives, it saved thousands; that even if General Dyer temporarily lost his head and finally his job, he saved a Province.' In fact throughout the book, when dealing with Englishmen who save Provinces or who win Provinces, his narrative comes perilously close to suggesting that the end justifies the means. His conclusion rises to a sublimity of simple faith of which one had thought that even English Tories were no longer capable:

That the attempt to solve it (the Indian problem) should have revealed some errors of judgment was inevitable; but those errors have been due less to a deficiency in good will than to an excess of benevolence; perhaps to some lack of imagination, perhaps to a failure adequately to appreciate the relativity of the teachings of Political Science, but above all to a genuine anxiety to share with our Indian fellow-subjects the privileges we ourselves enjoy.

F. H. U.

ROADS TO KNOWLEDGE, edited by William Allan Neilson (W. W. Norton; pp. 348; \$3.75).

The aim of this book is to explain to the layman what he may hope to find in pursuit of twelve branches of learning, namely Art, Biology, Classics, Economics, History, Modern Languages, Literature, Mathematics, Music, Philosophy, Psychology, and Sociology. Each chapter is written by a university professor of the particular subject. Most of them are competent, if somewhat prosaic statements of the aims, methods, and subdivisions of the subject concerned; I doubt if they will be an inspiration to many, though the bibliographies will no doubt be useful

to those who have already made up their minds as to what studies they wish to pursue. Some, however, go much further: Professor Baldwin Smith on Art and Professor Tugwell on Economics do definitely communicate to the reader something of their own belief in, and enthusiasm for, their own study; and after reading Professor Stockard on Biology I felt I must rush at once to the nearest library and get some of the books he recommends on this fascinating science. And I may do it yet. But one wonders whether one short paragraph in thirty-two pages on Psychology is an adequate discussion of psycho-analysis; or whether the student is helped by this dogmatic introduction to History: 'in its methods, modern historical writing is just as much a science as astronomy or chemistry or physics—a thesis it would be difficult to maintain, and which, if true, would seem to make the study of it rather dull and inhuman. It is almost inevitable to grumble at the treatment of one's own subject in a book of this kind, but even so I must say that the chapter on Classics seems to me to have missed the difference between an introduction and an epitome: to speak smugly of the Greeks as 'ever children' is the kind of thing that drives classical scholars to drink. Jowett's translations may be inevitable, unfortunately, but to lead the misguided layman to Jebb's translation of Sophocles is altogether too malicious. Plato is represented in the bibliography by a small book of extracts. Surely if people cannot be advised to read the whole of the *Republic* at least in translation, they are hardly worth writing introductions for. Whatever may happen to the classics in the future, we shall not keep them alive by apologizing for them.

G. M. A. G.

HOGARTH LETTERS, No. 4 and 5. Raymond Mortimer, and Francis Birrell (Hogarth Press; 1s. each).

Although the occasion which called forth Raymond Mortimer's Letter on the French Pictures, the French Exhibition at Burlington House, is long past, the value of his observations remains. Few Canadians, anyway, were so supremely fortunate as to see this exhibition, but many of them, particularly those who consider themselves interested in art, are badly in need of just such a guide to the elements of appreciation. It may be doubted whether anywhere else, among people otherwise intelligent, is there such obstinate resentment against the (almost unknown) nineteenth century French painters, or such deliberate incomprehension. It is unfortunately difficult

for us to get enough material to exercise our judgment, but an honest reading of this book should lead to a much more effective use of the facilities we have.

What's wrong with England? A whale of a lot of things, and Francis Birrell, in his *Letter From a Black Sheep*, puts his finger on most of them. Both for vigour of writing, and for solid meat, this is much the best of the Hogarth Letters to date. If some enlightened patriot would buy up thousands of it, and deluge the country with them in a 'Wake Up, England' campaign, he might do incalculable good. What's wrong with England? A smug and timorous smothering of whatever enterprise and intelligence she still stubbornly produces:—

The whole trouble began when Non-conformists took to going to the public schools, appearing on public platforms with bishops, and generally becoming respectable.... The saturation of nonconformity by the public schools has been deadly. For the mingling of the territorial aristocracy with the commercial middleclass has produced a hybrid which lacks the better qualities of each, the English gentleman in fact. And we do not sufficiently remember how recent the public schools as we know them are.

The views expressed are not the peculiar carping of a cranky individual; they may be found in all manner of alert critics. The same attack on the novel English distrust of intelligence and initiative is made by André Siegfried, Rebecca West, J. B. Priestley, *The Studio*, and *The Week-End Review*; but no one has made it more concisely, more broadly, or more bitingly than Francis Birrell in this pamphlet. It is invaluable for an understanding of the psychological difficulties under which the English nation is labouring at the present time.

And unfortunately the stolid, trade-sacrificing indifference of the English manufacturer to the resources of design available at his very door, pales, so our designers say, into absolute insignificance beside the magnificent disdain of Canadian industrialists.

L. A. M.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT: *A Sketch*, by H. R. James (Oxford University Press; pp. xiv, 180; \$2.25).

The late Mr. H. R. James wrote most of this pleasant biography of Mary Wollstonecraft in 1928 when the whirligig of time had at last brought in its revenge, and Mr. Baldwin's government was giving *The Vindication of the Rights of Women* its 'ultimate logical fulfilment' in the Franchise Act. But completion was delayed by other

demands on the author's time, and then by his death in June, 1931. Admirers of Mary Wollstonecraft, and their number increases, will be glad that members of Mr. James' family have now finished and published his study.

The biography is called a sketch. Perhaps it might be defined more properly as an appreciation. Mr. James admired Mary wholeheartedly, the woman even more than the writer, and he wrote his book as a mark of his affection. Of course the time is long past when Mary Wollstonecraft could be considered a monster of wickedness ('a hyaena in petticoats', as the urbane Horace Walpole put it) because she advocated the equality of the sexes and made fun of the feminine graces of weakness, ignorance, and triviality. Mr. James attempted no vindication of Mary because none was needed. For him she was above controversy. Even Mr. G. R. Stirling-Taylor's suggestion that her highly-strung nervous system was 'at times pathological' seemed to him unnecessary.

This admiration for Mary Wollstonecraft is quite comprehensible. The girl who, with the pitifully small income of a school teacher or hack writer, helped to support a thankless father, two brothers, and two sisters, often going hungry and ragged herself, was a person of remarkable unselfishness and patience. The woman who, in brave self-reliance, attacked the masculine prerogative (having experienced its rigours from a drunken father and an elder brother, his 'deputy tyrant') with a wit and vigour hardly less than her friend Tom Paine's, was a person of remarkable courage and intelligence. Not least, the wife who wrote the letters to Imlay and who brought warmth for a few months to the clammy heart of William Godwin was of no common earth.

E. L. M.

THE ANSWERING GLORY, by R. C. Hutchinson (Oxford University Press; pp. 303; price \$2.00).

It is a brave man who, in this year of grace, undertakes a novel with a missionary theme. Mr. Hutchinson has done so with success and originality. His story of a 'lady mish' is written in no spirit of propaganda, nor yet of mockery, but with admiration and deep respect for the sort of courage which dares everything for a cause, even though it be a lost one.

Miss Thompson has spent forty years on a fever-stricken swamp of a tropical island, conceiving it to be her mission to bring sweetness and light to the heathen in his blindness. Attacked by

tropical fever, she is carried off to England, helpless and protesting, by the captain of a coastal steamer. 'I shall come back', she calls to the weeping natives, 'I shall come back.'

The book tells of her efforts to return to the island. Constantly swept and shaken by pain, possessing scarcely strength enough to walk, she plans and schemes for the journey. She never leaves England, but her place is taken by a sophisticated schoolgirl, quickened by Miss Thompson's quixotic courage.

The portrait of Miss Thompson is excellently done. There are no heroics; with quiet sincerity Mr. Hutchinson paints the indomitable little figure. The only uncertain note in the book is the chatter of the girls in the boarding-school scenes. *The Answering Glory* is a book one would wish to possess.

M. A. C.

HIS IMPORTED WIFE, by Beryl Clarke (Cape-Nelson; pp. 388; 7/6).

His Imported Wife is not nearly as bad as it sounds. For a novel which claims to offer 'a significant comment on life in America and England as seen in turn by someone who has lived in both countries', the choice of title is unfortunate. The book does indeed contain a clever comparative study of middle-class life in England and in the American Middle West.

Stella Vaughan-Hughes, a well brought-up English girl, coming home to live with her parents after doing war work, finds adjustment difficult. Her more immediate problems are solved by marriage to an American who transports her forthwith to Detroit. Bigger and better problems crowd in, and more difficult adjustments have to be made. With good-humoured satire the author depicts Stella's bewilderment at the spectacle of American life which unfolds before her. There are some delightful bits—the description of the All-Star Convention held by the Company for its salesmen, for instance.

The weakness of the novel is in the figure of Stella. She is cast for the part of a scatter-brained but fairly intelligent person endeavouring to adapt herself to domesticity in an unfamiliar setting. Actually she is the most infuriatingly muddle-headed individual that ever graced a novel—much more so than the author intended. Her conversation is at times so moronic that it is difficult to conceive of her making the acute observations which are credited to her. For the observations themselves, however, the book is worth reading.

M. A. C.

TWO AFRICAN PLAYS, by R. E. Lloyd (Longmans, Green; pp. 184; \$2.00).

It isn't every day you get a lion hunt in the theatre, even if it does come off painlessly in the wings. But it did not take the lion hunt or the black people to make *Beyond the Road* and *Up the Road* African, and they are African with a sober truth which puts such florid melodramas as *White Cargo* quite out of countenance. Unfortunately another difference between *White Cargo* and the plays about the Road is that the former was *good theatre* and actually reached the stage, whereas the others are plays only in that Mr. Lloyd saw fit to set them down in dialogue. Unmotivated and fruitless action and unrealized characters, a few ideas drifting about without any contour, leave them mere notes for plays. If they are interesting at all, it is as symptoms. Symptoms of an uneasiness with which Canadians, having gone through much of it in their own past and not quite free of their problems today, should be able to sympathize. Mr. Lloyd is interested in hunters and settlers at home in Africa, loving it, anxious to strike their roots deep in it, and continuously irked by stupid interference from the outside. . . . 'We are here to keep the Government. Not the Government to keep us. . . .' The cover of this little book—which looks like a cheap adventure story for boys—is entirely misleading, because to the serious-minded playwright shooting wild beasts is only incidental to getting on with the job and laying out water systems and roads.

R. H. A.

THE LURE AND ROMANCE OF ALCHEMY, by C. J. S. Thompson (Harrap—Clarke, Irwin; pp. 249; \$1.75).

This account of the theory and practice of alchemy from its supposed beginnings in ancient Egypt down to modern times, is at once circumstantial, and comprehensible to the average non-technical reader who has enough interest in the subject to take up the book at all. It must have been no little task to reduce to readable form such a great mass of material, much of it recorded with deliberate ambiguity, and

much of it, even when it is understood, little more than solemn nonsense. But the author realizes that however chimerical the hopes of the alchemists may have been, however many charlatans were numbered among them, their service to chemistry was by no means negligible. A steadily increasing number of substances were prepared, and their properties noted; it was largely through the alchemists that the basis was laid for a scientific pharmacology. Borri's discovery of an attempt to poison the Emperor, Leopold I, was a very neat piece of work, exactly anticipating a certain modern detective story. The book displays not only a careful attention to fact, but an eye for interesting detail and anecdote. It has a good index, and is well and profusely illustrated.

J. S.

THE CROSS MOVES EAST, by John S. Hoyland (Allen & Unwin; pp. 160; \$1.30).

This is an impressive little book. Its thesis is that the Cross which is no mere historic event, but 'a final and sovereign standard of truth and goodness'—the only way of conquering the evil will of the world—is being given its most notable expression today in Mr. Gandhi's *Satyagraha*. Starting off with St. Paul, to whom the eternal principle of the Cross—'suffering freely borne for the sake of others'—was the heart of the Christian gospel and the essential motive of the Christian life, the author leads up through a brief sketch of 'The Cross in Christian History', to the proposal of an attempt to find in *Satyagraha* not only a bridge between Indian Religion and Christianity, but also an interpretation of Christ 'which we have missed; which we bitterly need; for lack of which our Western Christianity is starving.'

Satyagraha is defined as 'moral determination in Defence of Truth', and at its basis are four principles. (1) Conviction of wrong. (2) Conviction that at all costs (even of life itself) wrong must be put right. (3) Violence is no remedy. (4) (The leading positive principle) Wrong can be righted by suffering, if that suffering is self-

chosen and vicariously endured. There is no doubt in the author's mind of the powerful effect of Gandhi's *Satyagraha* in India (though he is not entirely uncritical of Gandhi), nor is he any less convinced of the value of the lesson that Gandhi has to teach the Christian Church. Not that Gandhi is in any sense a rival to Christ in India, for on his own confession Christ has been his greatest inspiration. But he does realize the power of the Cross, and Christendom may have to discover it again, if it discovers it at all, through him. Mr. Hoyland may be too much of a literalist, and may have magnified Gandhi beyond his deserts, but there can be no gainsaying the fair challenge of his book. If the Cross means anything to the Christian Church, it means something very like this.

F. J. M.

TEN LETTER WRITERS, by Llyn Ll. Irvine (Hogarth; pp. ix, 230; 8/6).

With a regrettable inconsistency this book attempts to develop certain characteristic qualities and principles of letter writing through the past three centuries, while, at the same time it does not depart from the unfortunate though pleasant practice of dealing with a number of letter-writers in a biographical manner à la *Life and Letters*. It is learned as well as chatty, and while its spiritual predecessors on the one side are Maurois and Strachey, it is undoubtedly successful in proving the possibility of a more scholarly treatment of the subject. Better than the cultural introduction to the eighteenth century, the 'Age of Letter-Writing', and more convincing is the chapter on 'Women As Letter-Writers'. The fact that 'women . . . are less creative and imaginative writers than men', that 'their scope is smaller, they are practical, adaptable, seldom spiritual, seldom purposive' explains why five women, Mme. de Sévigné, Dorothy Osborne, Mme. du Deffand, Lady Beesborough, and Mrs. Carlyle are dealt with extensively. Of the other writers, Swift, Walpole, Cowper, Lamb, and Mérimée are interpreted as having that 'bird-witted feminine mind' which

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'alone is capable of writing significant' letters. The book does not examine the relation between writer and receiver, nor does it indeed consider anything but what Lady Bessborough called the 'comfortable letter'. It must, therefore, remain incomplete and pale.

V.L.

LIFE OF MENDEL, by H. Iltis (Allen & Unwin; pp. 336; \$4.00).

The life of a peasant boy who rose not only to be prelate of the Monastery of Brunn, but also to take an upper place among the immortals in science, is certain to be romantic. And so this one proves to be. Mendel's fame in science rests upon a single paper—*Experiments in Plant Hybridization*—read before the Brunn Society for the Study of Natural Science in 1865. It fell on deaf or, rather, on uncomprehending ears. Botany based on counting and numbers awakened no response in the decade following the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. The world of science was much too pre-occupied with the theory of natural selection and its repercussions in the realm of religion to be interested in such matters.

Thirty-five years later the paper was resurrected and its value realized. Since 1900, the new science of genetics, founded on Mendel's work, has come into being, a science that appears to be the most pregnant for good in the dismal vale of tears in which we live. Thus has been fulfilled Mendel's prophecy: 'My time will come!'

Mendel served as a teacher of science for almost twenty years, but never qualified for the position; he failed twice in his examinations. But it was during this period that his immortal experiments with peas were carried out. His success rose phoenix-like from the ashes of failure.

P.S.

BACKWATERS, by John Gawsorth (Denis Archer; pp. 111; 5/-).

This little book is a curious medley, and rather confusing. There is a letter of William Godwin on the death of William Holcroft (1789) with a short introductory essay by Edmund Blunden, both very slight; an interesting essay on Pye with selections from his verse; a letter from Lady Hester Stanhope; and a pathetic correspondence between the old and infirm Leigh Hunt and his friend Charles Ollier, the best part of the book. All this, though one seeks in vain for any connecting link but that of chronology, may well add a little to the expert's knowledge of the period as any first-hand documents must do.

And to the expert student of literature it is obviously addressed, for to the general public it cannot be of great interest. Within these limits it succeeds in its aim, to throw a momentary light upon certain backwaters of literature.

G. M. A. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN

CARLYLE, by Louis Cazamian; translated by E. K. Brown (Macmillans in Canada; pp. lx, 289; \$3.25).

TWENTY SONNETS, by Muriel Miller Humphreys (The Ryerson Poetry Chapbooks; pp. 11; 50c.).

GENERAL

THE HOGARTH LETTERS, Nos. 10, 11 & 12 (Hogarth; pp. about 30; 1/-).

DAY TO DAY PAMPHLETS, No. 13. **MODERN ART AND REVOLUTION** (Hogarth; pp. 32; 1/-).

DAY TO DAY PAMPHLETS, No. 8. **FROM CAPITALISM TO SOCIALISM** (Hogarth; pp. 53; 1/6).

BRITISH MONETARY POLICY, by Fred-eric Benham (P.S. King—Macmillans in Canada; pp. vii, 116; 5/-).

THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PARLOUR, by W. Somerset Maugham (Thomas Nelson; pp. 276; \$1.00).

FRIDAY'S MOON, by Cecilia Willoughby (Cape—Nelson; pp. 318; \$2.00).

EDUCATION AND THE SOCIAL ORDER, by Bertrand Russell (Allen & Unwin—Nelson; pp. 254; \$2.50).

SOVIET SCENE, by Frederick Griffin (Macmillans in Canada; pp. x, 279; \$2.00).

SOCIALIST PLANNING AND A SOCIALIST PROGRAMME, edited by Harry W. Laidler; Introduction by Norman Thomas (Falcon Press; pp. xiii, 255; \$2.00).

POOR TOM, by Edwin Muir (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 254; \$2.00).

SOME ASPECTS OF THE INDIAN PROBLEM, by Lord Irwin (Oxford University Press; pp. 31; 50 cents).

THE LIFE OF LORD CARSON, by Edward Marjoribanks (Macmillans in Canada; pp. viii, 455; \$4.00).

THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1787-1807, edited by H. J. C. Grierson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xcv, 531; \$5.50).

A NEW DEAL, by Stuart Chase (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 257; \$2.50).

CHAUER, by G. K. Chesterton (Oxford University Press; pp. x, 310; \$2.50).

UNIVERSITY OF CALCUTTA DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE (Calcutta University Press; pp. 129).

THE NARROW CORNER, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 314; \$2.50).

THE ANXIOUS DAYS, by Philip Gibbs (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 360; \$2.50).

A TALE OF TROY, by John Masefield (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 46; \$1.75).

CAPITAL AND OTHER WRITINGS, by Karl Marx (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxvi, 429; \$1.10).

JOSEPHUS, by Lion Feuchtwanger (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 503; \$2.50).

DAY TO DAY PAMPHLETS, No. 14. **DISARMAMENT**, by Arthur Ponsonby (Hogarth; pp. 45; 1/6).



THE ENGLISH IN INDIA
The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:

I note the reply, printed in your October issue, of John W. Graham of Cambridge, England, to my letter printed in your May issue, under title 'The English in India', and although a trifle belated, he could not have replied at a more opportune moment. It might not have been easy for one, generally speaking, to challenge his statements, seeing that he is apparently a Don of Cantab; that he has been to India; and that his bailiwick is within conversational reach of the Office of the Secretary for Indian Affairs. He ought surely to be able to give us some very reliable

information; but as Mr. Arnold Bennett says in his 'Journal' (under date Tuesday, January 27, 1925, published this month in the *Yale Review*);

In reading Forster's book *A Passage to India* . . . you are made to see that there are two sides to the Indian question, with considerable impartiality.

Quite obviously Mr. Graham's side is the side of the cold-blooded English Tory, who really *desires* the backwardness in India which he so effusively describes and gurgles over; backwardness of the Masses ensures an easy time for the Classes. Thankful I am that in this same month of October, Mr. Daljit Singh Sadharia, of the Uni-

versity of Oregon, has had published in the *World Unity* magazine, an article entitled 'The Indian Renaissance and its Significance', which is such a complete refutation of Mr. Graham's charges against present-day India that I could most heartily wish that you might draw your readers' attention to it, and possibly obtain leave to reprint it. If you could find your way to it, I am sure you will agree with me, it is a truly worth-while article, very illuminating, and, from the point of view of the free peoples of the earth, most encouraging. Mr. Sadharia, being an Indian, must needs be credited with knowing more about his native land than Mr. Graham of Cambridge with all his advantages of learning. One item among Mr. Graham's statements would appear to be worth repeating; he says the tax in India works out at \$1.75 plus 50 cents a year land tax or rent; and that this \$2.25 is only six per cent. of their income. He omitted to complete the sum; six per cent. to produce \$2.25 would give us \$37.50; which I respectfully submit is insufficient annual income.

Yours, etc.,
VERITAS

Detroit.

EXPORT DUTIES FOR CANADA
The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:

It seems extraordinary that we in Canada, being, as we are, so desirous of making the most of our great natural resources and of improving the standard of living of our people, should pay so much attention to the taxation of imports and so little to the dangers of selling our goods abroad.

Is it not rather short-sighted of us to think that we benefit by exporting millions of bushels of our wheat (the best in the world) for the use of foreigners when there are many people in our cities who need it and when each of us could have more of this staff of life? This applies equally to the produce of our great forests and mines: think of the waste of material and energy when we sell these products to people of other countries instead of keeping them for consumption at home. Our hearts should bleed for the thousands of good Canadian working men (the most efficient in the world) who are slaving day after day to provide food and goods for the slothful (and often irreligious) alien.

As Mr. Bennett has so well said, our natural resources belong to the people of Canada; so let us waste no more of our heritage, but preserve and cherish it. Our people should be freed of this

disgusting bondage to the outside world and our energies applied to our own advancement. We should do away with this ill-conceived duty on imports, buy valuable articles from the foreigner when he is foolish enough to sell them to us, sell nothing in return, and thus fulfil our manifest destiny.

With no apologies to protectionists,

Yours, etc.,

F. A. HAIGHT

London.

CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION
The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:

I have recently received some literature from the American Civil Liberties Union, about which a short editorial appeared in the *Christian Century* for August 10th.

This society, as its name implies, is doing very fine work for the defense of civil liberties. It takes up the questions of censorship and academic freedom, which are by no means academic questions. It endeavours to protect pacifists who, because of religious or

humanitarian convictions, wish to be exempted from military service. Perhaps the main part of its work is the legal action it takes on behalf of those who speak freely on social matters.

The Chairman of this society is Dr. Harry F. Ward, Professor of Christian Ethics at Union Theological Seminary, New York City; and on the National Committee are such liberal-minded leaders as Harry Elmer Barnes, Clarence Darrow, John Dewey, Sherwood Eddy, John Haynes Holmes, John A. Ryan, John Nevin Sayre, Norman M. Thomas, and many others.

Perhaps such a society would be very useful in this country, and it may be that some of our leaders will see their way clear to consider the application of such a society to Canadian problems.

Literature may be obtained from Mrs. Lucille B. Milner, Research Secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Yours, etc.,

A. STERNOTTE

Calgary, Alberta.

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JOSEPH McCULLLEY, B.A.
Headmaster

GRANTING that you are going to give a few Christmas presents, has it occurred to you that books have a great advantage over other gifts?

You can buy a book considerably ahead of time and read it yourself before giving it away. On the other hand, supposing your uncle is very fond of cheese, and you select a large cheddar for his delight on Christmas Day. You could not very well sample it much before giving it to him. Equally difficult is the case of your aunt to whom you usually give cigarettes. Except for the odd one or two she may offer to you, they are a complete loss as far as you are concerned.

How different is a book! A book that has been carefully read, opens more easily, lies flat and in a better position. Even the type seems more friendly.

Then consider the uses of a book. Besides giving pleasure in the reading to the person for whom it was intended, and to the friends who borrow it, a book can be used to prop up all kinds of things. In bulk, books make excellent weight to hold down things which will not stay flat. Finally, is there anything more forlorn than an empty book-case?

The first and most obvious persons to whom to give books are the children. The **LAND OF NURSERY RHYME**, just published, is one of the most beautiful books for children we have ever encountered. It is Nursery Rhyme-Land complete in one volume. It is profusely illustrated in different colours in different sections of the book and has many illustrations in several colours. At \$2.00 this book is a genuine bargain.

A Canadian, Buller-Barwick, has written a book for middle-aged children (i.e. eight to fourteen years) which will hold an adult's interest as well. It is called **MAN'S GENIUS** and is the story of many modern inventions such as the telegraph, telephone, elevator, printing press, etc. It tells of the lives of the inventors and the development of their inventions to the present day. It is illustrated throughout, and the last section is devoted to great flights across oceans and continents that have been made in recent years. The price is \$1.50.

We must mention in passing, that **EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY** has a whole section devoted to children's books, many of which are illustrated in black and white and printed in a large type. At 60 cents each it would be difficult to find better value. The latest catalogue of **EVERYMAN'S** will be sent free, on request, to any address.

For grown-ups, Christmas is always the time for novels, and this year we have some exceptionally good ones. **CHARMING MANNERS**, by John Michealhouse, and **ENGLISH COMEDY**, by John C. Moore, are of a very light variety. They are priced at \$2.00. **SIMPLE STORIES FROM PUNCH**, by Archibald Marshall (\$1.75), is too well known to need any further introduction, but is not to be selected for anyone who dislikes laughter.

Finally, the best thing of all would be to write for the Christmas number of **WHAT TO READ AND WHY**, which is just out, and which we shall be glad to send you free on request to help in this most difficult business of finding the right book for the right person. You may also obtain **WHAT TO READ AND WHY**, or any of our publications,

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